

Sera: The Bitchening Part 1

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Acquisitions

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Deny

Release

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Part 2

Sentient Acquisitions

//SUGGESTED: North eastern bend of red light district.

//NOTE: If the Sera sex party thing has been completed successfully (EITHER medium or best outcome) talks carry on as if Acquisitions no longer have her on their books.

First Blurb: To the east is a rather stark, backlit white shop front, strikingly severe amongst the pulsing purples and reds which are the norm in this lurid end of Tavros. "Sentient Acquisitions" is written in a modish black font above the door.

Blurb after PC has entered first time: To the east is the unmistakable white glare of Sentient Acquisitions.

Enter first time: With a slight amount of apprehension you pass through the pale glare of the shop's facade. The interior is done up in a sharp, minimalist chic, all polished wood floors and spindly furniture done up in blacks, whites and greys. On either side of the counter two tall, insectile humanoids are standing face-to-face. Their faces are pale skinned and their limbs armored in black chitin, the same color as their liquid, pupil-less eyes. They are good looking in an austere, androgynous kind of way, complimented by their sharp business dress. If they're conversing, they're doing it very quietly. They each have a ruff of wide, diaphanous feathers around their necks which they are fluttering at each other vigorously, like hummingbird wings. There's something not quite right about them; their movement distracts and tugs at your eye, insisting you look at them closer. Color spreads across and below the shimmering surfaces, impossibly thin and infinitely deep at the same time...

The two creatures seem to notice you and in a single movement brush their feathers back, clipping them behind their necks into some sort of hood attached to their shoulders.

"<i>Sorry about that rue collar, we didn't see you standing there,</i>" says one in a brisk, dry tone which buzzes slightly at the edges. Your codex beeps urgently.

"<i>Tarratch. Semi-restricted insectoid race, noted for ability to transfix sentient beings, psychic feeding habits and proclivity for piracy. Should not be approached under any circumstances.</i>"

The figure behind the counter wiggles its fingers in mock horror, making the other one laugh.

“<i>Yes rue collar, we’re Tarratch, but we’re not interested in sticking a straw in your ear or in stealing your children. I am Teron, and this is my swarm-mate-partner-sister Attica. We are Sentient Acquisitions’ representatives on this station.</i>”

“<i>It is a shame,</i>” goes on Attica. The only difference you can tell between her and her brother is that she has a small insect abdomen above the rise of her behind, and a faintly raised chest discernible beneath her blouse. Her thin and very long tongue flicks in and out of her mouth as she talks. “<i>You are our first customer, but we have nothing much to show you yet. In the future we hope to be able to present to you many fine acquisitions perfectly suited to improve your spaceship, home or business environments.</i>” She deliberately looks you up and down and grins coyly. “<i>And if you do some acquiring of your own out there on the frontier, we can offer rates on freshly appropriated stock which put our rivals to shame.</i>”

[Acquisitions] [Leave]

Leave first time: As politely as you can, you say you have to be somewhere else.

“<i>Of course,</i>” murmurs Teron. He and his sister gaze at you with their black, pupil-less eyes with a kind of amused malice as you make for the door. “<i>But don’t be afraid to come back if ever you want to talk business, rue collar. There will be things here that interest you. Count on it.</i>”

Enter repeat: You enter Sentient Acquisitions. As ever, Teron and Attica are lounging with studied elegance over the counter.

{“<i>Yes, rue collar?</i>”} {“<i>Our favorite customer!</i>” Teron says, matching grins appearing on the tarratch’s faces as they see you come in. “<i>Is there something you need?</i>”

Acquisitions

First: “<i>Just to be clear on this,</i>” you say. “<i>By acquisitions, you mean slaves?</i>”

“<i>Indentured servants,</i>” Teron corrects. “<i>We pride ourselves on being specialist recruitment consultants, yes. We aim to find our stock positions that they are most well suited for – carefully adjusting attitudes and expectancies where necessary - and treat them with the utmost care whilst they are in our possession.</i>” He clenches his fist and jaw in polite disgust. “<i>The facilities this place used to have were barbaric. They apparently chained their stock up in the basement and pumped them full of addictive pheromones in order to keep them suppressed! Perhaps I should not expect anything better from humans. {PC human-looking: No offence.}</i>”

“<i>And how do you... acquire them?</i>”

“<i>Repossession, mostly.</i>” Attica places a delicate emphasis on “mostly”. “<i>We are silent partners in a number of loan and mod companies. If a mod-happy deadbeat cannot pay their monthly installments... well, it’s difficult to repossess someone’s eye stalks specifically isn’t it?</i>”

“<i>The female who sold the rights of this place to us was not just a brute but a fool,</i>” Teron murmurs, a salacious smile spreading across his long, elegant face. “<i>Frontier rushes are a time of hasty business decisions; of people mortgaging themselves to the hilt to come out here with a spaceship; of new, beautiful and deliciously naïve sentients. The acquisitions that will be flowing through this spaceport in the months to come will be a wonder to behold.</i>” He sighs. “<i>But right now there is little to try and tempt you with, rue collar. {Sera still on: All we have on our books currently is this horned girl, and that’s a dubious case at best.</i>} {Sera taken: With our problem case gone, we are simply waiting for the trade from the frontier to start trickling in. Come back in a month’s time or so, we’ll have many fresh and exotic pieces of property to show you.</i>}”

Subsequent: “<i>So... any acquisitions currently available?</i>”

Teron reaches a thin arm out and twists a screen mounted on the counter to face you.

“<i>As listed, rue collar/friend. Simply select an option and we’ll walk you through the finest possessions on offer.</i>”

[Horned girl] [Mostly?] [Leave]

Mostly?

“<i>And how do you get the rest of your stock?</i>”

“<i>From the frontier,</i>” replies Attica calmly. “<i>Nobody misses pirates. And newly discovered species do not have the same rights as Core-ward races, at least not before the U.G.C. or whoever else signs them up to a bill of protection. They are also an exotic novelty collectors pay highly for.</i>”

“<i>We at Sentient Acquisitions merely serve the galactic market interests the best we can,</i>” carries on Teron with a noble air. “<i>but there are some tarratch swarms that are in it for the acquiring itself. Right collars have... certain needs... which rue collar species are perfect for satiating.</i>” The two of them eye you silently for a moment. “<i>If you stumble upon one of our recruitment teams out there on virgin soil, just turn around and let them get on with their business,</i>” suggests Teron dogmatically. “<i>They won’t be interested in you unless you force them to be.</i>”

Horned girl

“<i>Horned girl?</i>”

“<i>Yes. Amongst many other things.</i>” Teron plucks a tablet screen off the counter and taps it a few times. “<i>Bought quite a number of expensive mods this human did, and then a shop on this self same station on top of it. ‘The Dark Chrysalis.’ I don’t think she looked at the fine print of her rent agreement closely, if at all. These succulent young rue collars, they never think it’s going to happen to them. Until it does.</i>”

He shrugs.

“<i>She is heavily in debt, but we’re not minded to chase it yet – we’ve done the due background check on her and by all accounts she would make for a </i>terrible<i> indentured servant. And who knows, maybe her shop really will enable her to pay it down.</i>” His immaculate sneer tells you exactly how likely he thinks that is. “<i>Because she’s missed her last couple of monthly installments though, there is a buy-out clause available if you’re seriously interested in owning her.</i>”

[Back] [Buy Out]

Buy Out

//Thinking 15k smackers

GO Tooltip: You don’t have the funds to contemplate this.

You grin. Owning Sera? What a perfectly delicious thought.

“<i>Sure, I’ll buy her out. Where do I sign?</i>”

Teron pauses, staring at you. For the first time it seems you’ve caught him off-guard.

“<i>Are you absolutely sure? We do not accept refunds, and if you are patient we would be able to provide you with much more appropriate companions for that kind of money. We could help you a bit towards setting her on the path of willing obedience, but it would pain me to give our very first customer an unruly servant. And this one is far off the scale of unruliness.</i>”

[Yes] [No]

No: “<i>On second thoughts...</i>”

Teron nods primly.

"<i>A sensible decision friend, trust me.</i>" He sighs. "<i>Finding someone suitable to palm her off on is going to be a struggle. There's always one piece of stock it's impossible to shift – she is definitely going to be one of those.</i>"

Yes: The tarratch's entrepreneurialism swiftly overtakes his doubt. A tablet and stylus is pushed into your hands, displaying a splurge of information about your purchase as well as a picture of her. It's an old one – she doesn't have purple skin, and has brown, perfectly normal human eyes. That self-assured smirk though. That's definitely Sera. You imagine her expression when she realizes what you've done, and you feel a fairly similar expression to one she's wearing in the picture climb onto your own face.

"<i>Before you sign, [Mr.] Steele...</i>" Teron points at several tick boxes above the blank at the bottom. "<i>You are our first customer, and you have immediately volunteered to take a problem case off our hands. I'd like to offer our sincere gratitude by providing some popular mod options for your acquisition, pro bono. The obedience collar comes as standard on this category of servant, but many acquirers {- particularly of the male persuasion -} prefer to have hermaphrodite stock de-phallused. We can have that done, quickly and painlessly. Female human stock also have a bodily quirk that if present supposedly attests to their inexperience. An... um...</i>"

"<i>Vacuum seal,</i>" says Attica, grinning.

"<i>Right. The vacuum seal. We can have that reapplied to your purchase if you wish. Finally, purple is such a bold, tempestuous color for an indentured servant, don't you think? Perhaps sir/madam would prefer their purchase in a nice, suitable pink.</i>"

//Can TiTS support a multiple choice form? Well anyway

[Dedicked Y/N] [Hymenified Y/N] [Tickled Pink Y/N] [Next]

"<i>Very good,</i>" murmurs Teron, watching you make your choices. "<i>Now just sign here.</i>" You scribble your signature in the blank text box at the bottom of the electronic contract. A few moments later the tablet beeps blandly as money is transferred out of your account. You now own Sera.

The two Tarratch buzz and shift around you as you get up, looking at you with their liquid black eyes with a kind of possessive reverence, unhappy to see you go. Teron offers you his hand. Despite having fingers as thick as matchsticks, his grip is dry and strong when you shake.

"<i>Come along to the Dark Chrysalis in a few hours,</i>" he says. "We shall have your purchase ready for pick up then. Thank you once again, [Mr.] Steele – I very much hope this is the beginning of a long and prosperous relationship between us.</i>"

You leave, thinking of the Dark Chrysalis's (now former) proprietor – her air of total self-possession, her fits of rage, her wonderful, curvy, brazenly displayed body. Making her into a willing slave will be tough, but you relish the challenge in front of you.

PC goes to Dark Chrysalis after three hours

There is some sort of commotion going on inside the Dark Chrysalis. You think you know what might be causing it. Grinning, you enter – and instinctively duck as a small marble satyr leaves simultaneously, at head height and considerable velocity.

“<i>What the FUCK is this bullshit? What the SHIT have you bug-cunts done to me?</i>” Sera is practically shaking with anger, pulling at the thin, silver collar which has replaced the choker around her neck, her livid eyes rolling between Teron and Attica, who are standing on either side of her, arms calmly behind their backs, their feather ruffs quivering gently. The fact that there are two of them seems to be the only thing stopping the succubus attacking them; she can't focus her hatred on one long enough before feeling the need to turn and spit and swear at the other. {If you didn't know better you'd think the way her skin is now a bright pink is down to pure rage. She stands out in the gloomy store, an incongruously cheerful color amongst the devilish knickknacks and flickering candles.} {You notice her big, proudly displayed dick is gone. She looks diminished and not quite so sure of herself without it.}

“<i>We've already explained. Multiple times,</i>” replies Attica calmly. She taps a slather of papers on the counter. “<i>As per the agreements you made with Mods4U and Tavros Rental Space, your failure to meet payment deadlines has caused a buy-out clause to become available. It has been activated. You have been repossessed.</i>”

“<i>By fucking WHO?</i>” As one the tarratch silently turn to look at you, framed in the doorway. Yellow, reptilian eyes bore holes in you.

PC submitted to Sera: “<i>[pc.him]?! But [pc.he]'s a... that's my... “ Sera puts her hands over her face and laughs, in a groaning, despairing way. “<i>Right, so this is just a bad dream. A fucktoy of mine makes me their slave with the help of some overgrown moths.</i>” She feverishly claws at her arm. “<i>Good one, subconscious! You can let me out now!</i>”

Otherwise: Various emotions wage war over Sera's round, pretty face as she stares at you unblinkingly. For a while it seems sheer disbelief might overwhelm her anger.

“<i>So,</i>” she says thickly. “<i>You decided that what you wanted most in this shop you couldn't get over the counter? So nice of you to tell me what you were planning, you disgusting prick/cow.</i>”

{merge}

“<i>Your possessions will be sold and put towards paying off your debt,</i>” says Attica briskly. “<i>For now, you will accompany your new owner...</i>” At the last word Sera finally reaches a decision about which of the repo-sects she most wants to kill. She rushes at Attica screaming, teeth and claws bared.

“<i>That’s enough!</i>” The female tarratch’s feathers unfurl and vibrate vigorously, and the succubus freezes, staring into the buzzing, shifting, hypnotizing fan. You avert your eyes.

“<i>You will listen to me now worthless rue collar, and you will listen carefully. You shall learn to show gratitude to your new owner. [pc.he] has paid off the debt you so carelessly ran up, and removed all obligations from your life except one: To serve [pc.him] well. Believe me when I say there are far worse owners you could have ended up with – we were drawing up a list of them when [pc.he] stepped in. You shall learn to show gratitude to your new owner mostly, though, because that collar you are now wearing will shock you if you raise your hands against [pc.him], or if you travel outside [pc.his] ship without permission. Do you understand?</i>” As Attica speaks Teron steps over to you, pressing into your side as he hands you a small, steel remote and a briefcase.

“<i>Your documentation and starter pack,</i>” he murmurs, as you both look at Sera, slack-jawed and staring into the hypnotic ruff, her mouth working, trying and failing to form words. “<i>I’m sure you’ll find one or two things of interest in there. The remote controls her collar. You can use that to let her outside your ship, or zap her if she’s bad. Keep it somewhere safe. The best of luck to you, [Mr./Ms.] Steele – you will need it.</i>” He pats you on the back as Attica points imperiously at the door. In a daze Sera swivels and walks over to you. You depart the Dark Chrysalis, your new crewmate in tow.

You are almost back to the landing bay before the Tarratch’s hypnosis fades; in this time you have the opportunity to look Sera over carefully. In the light outside her gloomy shop it’s even more obvious what a fantastic body she has. Her large, flawless boobs and bum, each impossibly round and pert, bounce as she walks, {her prestigious dick bobbing back and forth,} drawing plenty of attention on Tavros’s wide corridors. You find yourself feeling rather proud of owning such a fine-looking slave. {She looks even better, at least to your eyes, without that big, ugly dick she used to have bobbing around in front of her.} Sentient Acquisitions have even gone to the trouble of redressing her. She still has her glowing harness, but it has been subtly rearranged into a slightly frilled corset. Similarly she still has thigh high stockings, but instead of imposing leather they are now silk fishnets, replete with stilettos on her feet. Her horns, eyes and claws continue to make her look pretty imposing, but she definitely looks more come-hither than coming-to-get-you now. {Teron was right – coloring her skin pink on top of this accentuates her new look perfectly. She actually looks quite sweet when she gets angry now.}

Her stilettos clack faster and more purposefully as she comes to her senses, and you ponder how to break the ice. But she does that for you.

PC submitted to Sera: “<i>If this was your bright idea to have your very own pet domme on your ship,</i>” she says, voice thick with rage, “<i>let me assure you that it was the worst idea you have ever had. Do you honestly think I am going to play games with you after what you’ve just done?</i>”

“<i>I wouldn’t worry about that. One of the reasons you’re here is I got bored with you being in charge all the time,</i>” you say lightly. “<i>This seemed like the only way to get you to learn a little humility. We’re both going to have a lot of fun exploring our new roles, I think.</i>”

PC Ditz submitted to Sera: “<i>So what happened then? Did they just come up to you in the corridor, give you a clipboard and use a bunch of one syllable words to make you think this would be a fantastic idea?</i>” Sera snarls. “<i>Where do you even get your money from, you dumb bimbo? And why did you think being in charge was going to be a great idea? You’re fucking made to have someone like me do the thinking for you. We were doing fine, and now you’ve ruined everything!</i>”

You feel sad that your toy isn’t as happy about this exciting new arrangement as you are.

“<i>Aww c’mom Sera, don’t be sulky!</i>” You pause and squeeze her tightly in a big hug. “<i>Just think, you won’t have to bother your head about that silly little shop anymore. All you’ll have to concentrate on is having loooooaaaads of fun with me!</i>”

“<i>Great,</i>” moans the succubus. “<i>Not only a slave, but a slave to a fucking idiot.</i>”

PC otherwise: “<i>Let’s get one thing straight,</i>” she says, voice thick with rage. “<i>I hate you. I hate what you’ve done to me. {Did you really think cutting off my dick/painting me pink/cutting off my dick and painting me pink was going to automatically turn me into your doormat? {PC masculine: Typical fucking thinking from a pig.}} Nobody controls me, particularly not some creep/cow who decides buying me like a piece of meat is a clever idea. I might not be able to hurt you, but I am going to make any time you spend around me so miserable you will have no choice but to ditch me at the earliest opportunity. That’s a promise.</i>”

PC Ditz: You feel sad that your toy isn’t as happy about this exciting new arrangement as you are.

“<i>Aww c’mom Sera, don’t be sulky!</i>” You pause and squeeze her tightly in a big hug. “Just think, you won’t have to bother your head about that silly little shop anymore. All you’ll have to concentrate on is having loooooaaaads of fun with me!</i>”

“<i>Great,” moans the succubus. “<i>Not only a slave, but a slave to a fucking idiot.</i>”

PC otherwise: “<i>We’ll see,</i>” you reply mildly. “<i>Way I see it, you running up all that debt was a cry for help. Underneath all the tough talk and attitude I think there’s a little girl asking for a bit of structure and discipline in her life. In time I think you will make a fine pet, which is why I’m more than happy to provide that structure and discipline.</i>”

{merge}

PC not Ditz: This answer fills her with so much rage she almost chokes on it and says nothing else all the way back to your ship. You show her to her room – a relatively comfortable berth near the FTL drive. You catch her wrist as she stomps inside and look her in the eye.

“<i>You’re welcome to entertain yourself however you wish,</i>” you say levelly. “<i>But no masturbating. You cum when your [master] tells you you can, understood?</i>” Her response is to slam the door so hard in your face you’re amazed it doesn’t come off its hinges.

PC Ditz: She says nothing else all the way back to your ship. It pushes through the layers of cotton wool swaddling your mind that maybe you and Sera have not started off on the right foot. How you might go about setting that right occurs in a particularly deep glow of arousal as you are showing her to her room - a relatively comfortable berth near the FTL drive. You are smiling happily to yourself as she stomps inside.

“<i>Hey,</i>” you say to her. “<i>I want you to have fun when you’re aboard. But no, you know, seeing the man in the pink boat, ok hun? I want us to have lots of fun together, and it’ll be soooo much better if you stay good when I’m not around.</i>” Her response is to slam the door so hard in your face you’re amazed it doesn’t come off its hinges.

Enter Dark Chrysalis next

The Dark Chrysalis looks considerably different from when you were last in here. The bric-a-brac cluttering the shelves has been tidied up, someone has done a thorough dusting, and strip lighting has been installed. It’s much less menacing and easier to see where you are, but you dare say it has lost some of its character too. Behind the counter a female model droid turns her blue lamp eyes and frozen, cheerful face to you.

“<i>Hello and welcome to the Dark Chrysalis, a subsidiary of Mods4U,</i>” she chirps. “<i>If you would like to purchase something, please consult the touch menu in front of me. If you have questions, do not hesitate to ask.</i>”

Enter Dark Chrysalis repeat

You enter the new, cleaned up and robot-stationed Dark Chrysalis.

"<i>Welcome to the Dark Chrysalis (a subsidiary of Mods4U), valued customer!</i>" twitters the droid behind the counter. "<i>How may I help you?</i>"

//All items inc. "top shelf" items displayed at standard price

Discount?

//Only displayed if PC had a discount previously

"<i>You're displaying these at full price. I had an, uh, arrangement with the previous owner,</i>" you say, hopefully. "<i>A discount.</i>"

"<i>I am afraid that any arrangement you had with the previous owner is null and void,</i>" replies the droid brightly. She whirrs slightly. "<i>Further, providing you with Class D gene mods without custom tariffs 12A through 15G(ii) is a felony. It is just as well the Dark Chrysalis (a subsidiary of Mods4U) is under new management, valued customer. You could have gotten into serious trouble otherwise.</i>"

Saendra Futa-fication Variant

//Add to DC store descript:

Saendra is leaning against the counter, her twin tails wagging ever so slightly. She is looking about the place brow crinkled, evidently bemused.

[Saendra]

"<i>Hey,</i>" you say, approaching your fluffy lover and grabbing a handful of her ass. "<i>Ready for this?</i>"

"<i>I - yes,</i>" she says, distracted. She turns back to the check-out droid behind the counter. "<i>So this place has changed hands, then. What happened to the cree- the former owner? Sera?</i>"

"<i>I am not legally obliged to disclose that information,</i>" replies the droid brightly. "<i>How may the Dark Chrysalis (a subsidiary of Mods4U) help you today, madam?</i>"

"<i>We came to buy something,</i>" you chip in. "<i>Saendra here is interested in growing a dick. Got something that could do that?</i>"

"<i>Certainly!</i>" the blue-eyed bot chirps. After a moment's computing it reaches beneath the counter and deposits a hypo-spray on top. "<i>That will be 1000 credits.</i>"

You pay the money and Saendra stuffs the mod down her cleavage.

"<i>Please read the label before using, valued customer,</i>" warns the VI. "<i>Mods4U and associates are not liable for overuse of our products. Thank you, and come again.</i>" You follow the half ausar to the door. She turns her slightly bemused expression to you.

"<i>You wouldn't know what happened to Sera, would you?</i>" she says.

"<i>I'm sure wherever she is now, she's getting the help she needs,</i>" you say, stifling a grin with some difficulty.

"<i>Hmm.</i>" Saendra considers you shrewdly for a moment longer. "<i>She certainly did need a lot of that. Still, it's a shame she's gone - she was a really good fuck. Psychopaths usually are.</i>" Her attention shifts to the item wedged between her baps. "<i>Well, we've got it. Let's do this... somewhere with some privacy, alright? Meet me at the </i>Phoenix<i> and we'll... we'll do it. Together.</i>"

Untrained Sera

Approach blurb

0-20 Obedience: Sera is flopped on her single bunk, nails flicking over the glow of an extranet tablet. She looks up at you with profound dislike as you enter her room.

"<i>Fuck do you want?</i>"

21-40 First: Sera's eyes flick up from her extranet tablet to meet yours when you enter her room. The exaggerated indifference has faded from her demeanor; she seems tense and watchful, saying nothing as she waits to see what you've got in store for her.

21-40 Repeat: Sera's eyes flick up from her extranet tablet to meet yours when you enter her room. She says nothing, waiting tersely and tensely to see what you've got in store for her.

41-60 First: Sera smiles when you enter, a suggestion of impish coyness curling her lip. "<i>Come for a visit again, M- ?</i>" her eyes widen slightly as she bites down on the last word. You grin.

"<i>What was that?</i>"

“<i>Nothing.</i>” She’s retreating back into watchful sullenness.

“<i>Hmm.</i>” You think it’s time to push the training forward. You go back to the silver briefcase and retrieve the collar remote. “<i>I understand. You’ve learned enough now to know my title by heart, but you need some help properly saying it. So here’s a new rule: You will call me [pc.master] from now on, or receive a zap. Got that?</i>” You place your finger on the cheery red button on the rectangular control.

“<i>What? No! Fuck you, assh- ow!</i>” You press down and are rewarded by Sera jerking spasmodically. She tugs at her collar furiously. “<i>You’re such a fucking d- ahgh! Fine!</i>” She glares at you, gritting her teeth. “<i>I’ll call you [master] from now on, </i>[master].” The amount of derision she packs into those two syllables makes it abundantly clear the things she’d rather call you, but you nod, letting pride radiate off you.

“<i>Good girl!</i>” You think a tiny, just the tiniest shiver runs over the flawless valleys and bluffs of her body when you say that.

“<i>Was there anything else, [master]?</i>” she says in a sarcastically sweet tone, looking at you with a sideways scowl.

41-60 Repeat: Sera smiles and bounces on her bunk with sarcastic, sardonic excitement when you enter the room.

“<i>It’s [master]! What does [master] want to do today, [master]?</i>”

61-80 First: Sera smiles toothily when you enter her room.

“<i>[pc.master],</i>” she croons, licking her lips provocatively. This time there’s no denying it – she is genuinely pleased to see you, ready to be tested and provoked by you, ready to rail against you and ultimately be overcome and put in her place by you. She has adapted and evolved under your tutelage, and you in turn have learnt slowly but surely what it takes to keep her on your leash. You return her leer commandingly.

“<i>Time for a new rule, pet. No more foul language. Good girls don’t swear like sailors – it reflects badly on their [master]. They are nice and polite. They ask to take it up the ass with a please, they don’t cuss during no matter how much they whorishly enjoy it, and they say thank you afterwards. Understood?</i>”

“<i>That’s just bullsh- horse- poppycock!</i>” rages Sera. “<i>You’ve taken so much away from me, and now you’re taking that? You petty b... balloon!</i>” It’s exactly as you thought. You can see a perverse joy in her stropping, the fling of her limbs and cute pout, a private delight in this new, unfair rule to rage against. You remain impassive though – this isn’t the moment to rub it in her face. Not yet.

"<i>Yes. And you will obey it,</i>" you say coolly. "<i>Or be punished.</i>" Your slave can't disguise the shudder, somewhere between fear and ecstasy, which quivers through her at these words.

"I f- flipping hate you," she growls, anger and delight shimmering through her voice.

61-80: Sera smiles toothily when you enter her room, flinging her extranet tablet to one side.

"<i>How are you planning on blighting my existence today, [pc.master]?</i>" she purrs, provocatively raising her eyebrow.

Jerked Off Blurp

//Plays if Sera exceeds max arousal when PC not there

0-40: Sera is lounging on her bunk with a big smirk on her face, {her cock limp on the sheets}, the very picture of contentment. There are a number of balled up tissues flung into the far corners of her disheveled cabin. It doesn't take a genius to work out what she's been doing.

"I fantasized about pushing you out of an airlock," she says. "It was amaaaaazing." She looks at you with half-lidded, insolent eyes. "You don't get it, do you? You don't control me."

41-80: Sera is lounging on her bunk with a big smirk on her face, {her cock limp on the sheets}, the very picture of contentment. There's a number of balled up tissues flung into the far corners of her disheveled cabin. It doesn't take a genius to work out what she's been doing.

"I fantasized about tattooing my name on your ass," she says. "You were begging me to do it." She gets up on her elbows and looks at you with half-lidded, saucy eyes. "What are you going to do about that, huh </i>master?"

You could swear she's deliberately trying to antagonize you.

[Appearance] [Tease] [Buttfuck] [Punish]

Appearance

{Sera looks like a six foot one inch tall demon more than anything else.} / {Despite the modifications you've given her, Sera continues to look more like a six foot one inch tall demon than anything else.} A set of ridged horn, glowing with phosphorescent luminance, curl outwards from her forehead. {Additionally, her skin is a mild purple that only serves to further her unholy air.} {Her skin is a bright, girly pink, accentuating her femininity.}

Black sclera ring her golden, glowing irises, split by lizard-like pupils. Above them, a row of gleaming, metal piercings line her brow. Her slightly upturned nose is unremarkable, aside from the single stud in her left nostril. Pale blue hair cascades wreath her visage like fine silk tapestries arranged to tastefully frame her face.

A silver slave collar rings her neck, complete with an innocuous lead hasp at the back; a tasteful, permanent reminder of her status. Ornamental pentagonal plates grow out of her shoulders. Matching, blue-glowing bracers and armbands complete her ensemble, but your eyes spend little time looking at her outfit when it frames her other assets so exquisitely.

Big breasts that would easily fill an EE-cup bra and then some sit high and proud on her chest, obviously the result of some kind of artificial or biological enhancement. They're nicely rounded and capped with a pair of cerulean/maroon nipples that are ever so slightly pebbled in the cool air. They're the kind of boobs that just beg to be fondled.

{A foot-long cock, maybe a bit longer, dangles down between her toned thighs, backed up by a pair of balls that sit on the upper end of the terran norm when it comes to size.}

Sera's ass is nothing to sneeze at either; it's large, nicely rounded, and crowned with a prehensile, spaded tail. The spade at the end seems a little big and bulgy, reminiscent of a cock head.

Silk fishnets and garters join her technological-looking frilly corset to her shapely legs. Her feet are perched upon toe-covering, six-inch stilettos, but when she walks in them it's as if it's the most natural thing in the world, perhaps counterbalanced by her tail.

Arousal Low: She eyes you with an insolent smirk, completely relaxed.

Arousal Medium: She seems slightly on edge; her tail flicks this way and that fretfully, and her slit eyes dart around the room, distracted.

Arousal High: She looks flushed. She bites her lip and drums her fingers on her thigh with an air of frustration. When you affect to look away from her you can see her touch her erect nipples impulsively in the corner of your eye. It's obvious she's currently very pent up and aroused.

Obedience Training Plan

Obedience

Can go up or down, but starts at 0 and once it reaches 80 via Tease or Ride final scene it's locked, like Whitney. Can be hidden or displayed somewhere, up to editor's discretion. PC can make her fully obedient by a) Teasing her female bits at 80 obedience and med/high arousal or b) Riding her male bits at 80 obedience and med/high arousal.

Arousal

She has a hidden arousal stat which affects how well each action you take with her goes.

Starts at 0. Goes up by 2 with every passing hour. Caps at 50.

0-20 = Low Arousal

21-40 = Med Arousal

41-50 = High Arousal

If she goes an hour after reaching 50 with the player out of the room she disobeys and gets off herself. -8 Obedience

Tease/Anal/Punish

Tease: Increases arousal. Option to get her off or deny at end.

Get off

Sera's Arousal	Obedience Change
Low	-4
Medium	+1
High	+8

Deny: Does nothing but increase arousal, but too high = she gets off anyway, - 4 Obedience.

Anal

Sera's Arousal	Obedience Change
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Low	-5
Medium	0
High	+8

Punish: - 8 Obedience normally. If used directly after she gets herself off +14 Obedience.

More punish options open the higher obedience goes. Spank, Jizz Rations.

Tease (Female Bits)

First

Ignoring Sera for the moment, you open the natty, silver “starter kit” the Tarratch gave you. As you were told there are many bits and bobs in here which might help you with the wilful hellion you now own, but what you are particularly looking for is – ah.

You grin at Sera as you withdraw a pair of handcuffs, the same silver color as her collar, and dangle them in front of her.

“So what you’re saying is, you’ve never even done rope work before,” she sneers in response. “Do you think a half hour of amateur fumbling is going to make me putty in your hands? You’re dealing with an expert, [boy]. Anything you try is going to look absolutely pathetic.”

You ignore her bluster and drop onto the bed next to her, deliberately pushing your weight into her side. She tenses up as you take her hands and cuff them behind her back, forcing her high, plentiful boobs outwards. You slide around so that your [chest] is pushing into her back, your hands roaming across her warm, flawless [sera.Skin] skin; waiting for her muscles to relax, forcing her to get used to your presence. You breathe gently on her neck as you cup one of her breasts, brushing over the nub of an erect nipple, pressing your hardening [eachCock] into the rise of her round butt, enjoying the fine, pliant give of your slave at your leisure as you work your way downwards. You feel something moving fretfully by your thigh and swiftly reach down to catch her tail, trapping it in your armpit.

“Look,” she snaps, shifting irritably in your grasp, “if you’re going to fuck me just do it. Don’t embarrass us both by trying foreplay. I’m not going to enjoy this, whatever you do.” Again you say nothing. You slide your hand across the plain of her lower stomach, {momentarily grasp her

thick, semi-erect cock and give it a playful tug,} and then with a soft “ah”, as if you’ve just discovered something important, squeeze between the warmth of her thighs and touch her bare pussy.

“Pretty wet, for a girl who isn’t enjoying this,” you murmur in her ear, gently parting her folds and sinking a finger into her delta.

“That’s how it always is, jerk,” she retorts. “To do with the mods I took, not you.” You fancy there is just the slightest tremble in her voice and you grin, sinking another finger in as you carefully explore her moist, silky folds. {Your fingers touch an obstruction, a membrane stretched across her vagina proper. Sera tenses up slightly as you do.

“Of all the things you’ve done to me, that’s got to be the creepiest,” she snarls. “Gonna fantasize you’re taking my virginity? I’ve had things up me that would make you piss yourself. I’m going to remind you of that when you decide to break it.” You laugh softly/giggle.

“It’s there as a reminder,” you tell her. “I’m not going to use that hole until you ask me to. When I do break it, it’ll be because you were begging me to do it.”

“In your fucking dreams!”}

You travel upwards and easily find the sturdy nub of her clit, protruding out of her lips as it is. You circle and then gently play with it, nudging and sliding over it as you continue to run your fingers over her silky, gooey pink. {As you do so you slide your other hand upwards, grasping her cock and begin to jerk her, tightening, softening and bending your grasp around her thick meat.}

“Why... why are you doing this?” Sera grunts, flexing her arms helplessly against her bonds. “If you’re going to fuck me, fuck me! Get it over with!” You ignore her and continue to use your questing fingers to work her pussy into a lather {and her prick into a full, straining erection}. It’s easy enough to turn such a highly sexed creature on but you pay careful attention to her, trying to note what movement of your hands particularly makes her tighten her muscles, arch her back, gasp with involuntary pleasure.

PC Ditz: “Doesn’t this feel goooooood?” you purr into Sera’s ear. Feeling her wriggle and squirm is turning you on{, your [vagina] moistening until it is in almost the same state as your slave’s}. You feel a warm, benevolent glow towards her for making you feel nice, however unwillingly. “Isn’t it nice when good friends play together? I don’t know why you have to be such a silly head and act grumpy all the time.”

Finally you are flicking{, pumping} and fingering her wickedly enough for her breath to be whistling through her teeth and flexing her thighs, her pussy juices running down your hand in rivulets {and pre-cum forming on her cock end}.

“F- fuck! Get me off then! Do it!” she cries out.

[Release] [Deny]

Release

Low Arousal: You are happy enough to comply, upping the pace of your ministrations, lapping your fingers deep into the ripe, split fruit of the succubus’s sex {as you jerk her straining cock relentlessly}. Sera arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, her plush butt pressing into [eachCock] as her pussy spasms and spurts around your sticky fingers{, her cock hardening and seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“Ahhhh...” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover and looking up at you with complacent disregard as you take her cuffs off. “That was a pretty professional jerk off, I’ll give you that. Shame you’re such a massive creepazoid/cow, really – I could have used nice, attentive hands like yours, once.” She closes her inhuman eyes and disappears into a doze.

// -4 Ob, Ar reset

Medium Arousal: You concentrate, continuing to lap your fingers deep into the ripe, split fruit of the succubus’s sex {and jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“Say “Please may I cum, [master],”” you breathe. “Then I’ll let you.”

“No! Fuck you!” Sera grits out. You slow your hands down just slightly for about eight seconds and then pick it up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your fingers are sticky and sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can against you, trying to get herself off via her own steam.

“Say it,” you insist. “Please may I cum, [master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close...” The two of you struggle against each other for a while longer - a fretful, dirty battle neither is willing to concede. In the pit of one of her heavy pants you think you hear Sera whisper something. It could have been “please”?... She lunges her hips forward with a triumphant shout, arching her back as she flexes her way to orgasm. Her plush butt presses into [eachCock] as her pussy spasms and spurts around your sticky fingers{, her cock seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“Ahhhh...” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover and looking up at you with complacent disregard as you take her cuffs off. “I told you it was a waste of time, but then I suppose you can’t help being such a massive creepazoid/cow. It’s a shame, too – you’ve got

such nice, attentive hands. I could have found a use for you, once.” You say nothing in return, simply gazing at her levelly. You think she’s talking a bit too loud, bit too fast. Maybe you’re imagining it. It could have been any sound she made in the spur of the moment, rearranged by your ears into something you wanted to hear. What you are certain about is she doesn’t look you in the eye before she disappears into a deep, post-coital doze.

// +1 Ob, Ar reset

High Arousal: You concentrate, continuing to lap your fingers deep into the ripe, split fruit of the succubus’s sex {and jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“Say “Please may I cum, [master],”” you breathe. “Then I’ll let you.”

Sera says nothing, gritting her teeth determinedly. She is deep in the moment; her eyes closed, her muscles knotted up, her arousal so fierce it looks almost painful. You sense an advantage and slow your hands down just slightly for about eight seconds before picking up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your fingers are sticky and sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can against you, trying desperately hard to get off by her own steam. You agonise her, stroking her button {and shifting your grip up her shaft} as carefully and deliberately as you can.

““Say it,” you insist. “Please may I cum, [master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close...” Sera’s back is arched, her bound claws snatching helplessly at the air, saliva shining on her parted lips. The two of you struggle against each other for a while longer.

“Please let me cum!” Sera cries out at last, the words coming out in an urgent jumble. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly revving {and cranking} her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her pussy clenches up and soaks your fingers{, her cock seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.} It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush butt presses into [eachCock] whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction, her cuffed hands seeming to force more energy into every other part of her body.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she’s finally done, letting the low hum of your voice soundtrack her woozy come down.

“See how nice it is when you are a good girl? When you listen to your [master] and follow [his] instructions? You enjoy yourself so much more when you accept my help in becoming an obedient pet.”

“Fuck you,” says a tiny, grumpy voice from the other side of the bed. You are grinning as you gently remove her cuffs and leave her to doze.

//+8 Ob, Ar reset

Deny

Low/Medium Arousal: {You keep shifting your hands over her double sex / You keep curling your fingers into her} with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement trickling warmly down your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [chest] and [eachCock]. You keep schlicking {and coiling} her until her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then stop dead.

“What... what are you doing? Go! Finish!” she demands angrily, face flushed, flexing her thick hips almost in a panic against your still hands. You let them linger on her sex teasingly for a moment and then withdraw.

“That’s enough for today I think,” you say breezily, getting up. “If you’re a really good girl, I’ll let you cum next time. And you know what constitutes a good girl, don’t you?”

Sera’s response is loud, inventive, colorful, and goes on for the length of time it takes you to unlock her hands.

//+15 Ar

High Arousal: {You keep shifting your hands over her double sex/You keep curling your fingers into her} with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement trickling warmly down your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [chest] and [eachCock]. You keep schlicking {and coiling} her until her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then stop dead.

“That’s enough for today I th- “ A gush of fluid soaks your hand {and jizz spurts into the air} Sera keeps flexing her thick hips against your digits, bumping back into you as she throws her head back and laughs ecstatically. You curse to yourself: you pushed her too far!

“Ungh! Good going, creep/cow/you dumb bimbo,” she crows. “You even suck at being an asshole! Mmm... face it, you were born to be a bottom bitch, keeping your hands nice and warm for a mistress who can properly direct your talents. Trying to deny me! What a clumsy embarrassment you are.”

You decide silence is probably the smartest tactic here. You keep a stiff lip as you release her cuffs, resolving to learn from your mistake and never give her the opportunity to taunt you again.

// -4 Ob, Ar reset

Repeat

0-40

You grin at Sera as you pull out the handcuffs out of the silver briefcase, dangling them teasingly in front of her.

“Oh goodie, it’s amateur fumble hour again,” she sighs. “Why do you bother with this shit? I’m here for you to get your creepy little nuts off, not for you to imagine you can ever do the same for me.” You ignore her bluster and drop onto the bed next to her, deliberately pushing your weight into her side. She tenses up as you take her hands and cuff them behind her back, forcing her high, plentiful boobs outwards. You slide around so that your [chest] is pushing into her back, your hands roaming across her warm, flawless [sera.Skin] skin; waiting for her muscles to relax, forcing her to get used to your presence. You breathe gently on her neck as you cup one of her breasts, brushing over the nub of an erect nipple, pressing your hardening [eachCock] into the rise of her round butt, enjoying the fine, pliant give of your slave at your leisure as you work your way downwards.

You feel something moving fretfully by your thigh and swiftly reach down to catch her tail, trapping it in your armpit. She shifts uncomfortably as you slide your hand across the plain of her lower stomach, {momentarily grasp her thick, semi-erect cock and give it a playful tug,} and then squeeze between the warmth of her thighs and touch her bare pussy.

As ever, it’s wet and eager despite her protestations. You travel upwards and easily find the sturdy nub of her clit, protruding out of her lips as it is. You circle and then gently play with it, nudging and sliding over it as you continue to run your fingers over her silky, gooey pink. {As you do so you slide your other hand upwards, grasping her cock and begin to jerk her, tightening, softening and bending your grasp around her thick meat.}

Sera grunts, flexing her arms helplessly against her bonds. She knows it’s useless to struggle or to exhort you to fuck her, so she attempts to take your teasing with as much decorum as she can muster. It’s a game, and you enjoy playing it. You use your questing fingers to work her pussy into a lather {and her prick into a full, straining erection} as ever paying careful attention to her, trying to note what movement of your hands particularly makes her tighten her muscles, arch her back, gasp with involuntary pleasure despite herself.

PC Ditz: “Doesn’t this feel goooooood?” you purr into Sera’s ear. Feeling her wriggle and squirm is turning you on, your [vagina] moistening until it is in almost the same state as your slave’s. You feel a warm, benevolent glow towards her for making you feel nice, however unwillingly. “Isn’t it nice when good friends play together? I don’t know why you have to be such a silly head and act grumpy all the time.”

Finally you are flicking{, pumping} and fingering her wickedly enough for her breath to be whistling through her teeth and flexing her thighs, her pussy juices running down your hand in rivulets {and pre-cum forming on her cock end}.

“F- fuck! Get me off then! Do it!” she cries out.

[Release] [Deny]

0-20

//Same as first

21-40

Release

Low Arousal: You are happy enough to comply, upping the pace of your ministrations, lapping your fingers deep into the ripe, split fruit of the succubus’s sex {as you jerk her straining cock relentlessly}. Sera arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, her plush butt pressing into [eachCock] as her pussy spasms and spurts around your sticky fingers{, her cock hardening and seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“Ahhhh...” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover and looking up at you with complacent disregard as you take her cuffs off. “That was a pretty professional jerk off, I’ll give you that. Shame you’re such a massive creepazoid/cow, really – I could have used nice, attentive hands like yours, once.” She closes her inhuman eyes and disappears into a doze.

//-4 Ob, Ar reset

Medium Arousal: You concentrate, continuing to lap your fingers deep into the ripe, split fruit of the succubus’s sex {and jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“Say “Please may I cum, [master],”” you breathe. “Then I’ll let you.”

Sera says nothing, gritting her teeth determinedly. She is deep in the moment; her eyes closed, her muscles knotted up, her arousal so fierce it looks almost painful. You sense an advantage and slow your hands down just slightly for about eight seconds before picking up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your fingers are sticky and sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can against you, trying desperately hard to

get off by her own steam. You agonise her, stroking her button {and shifting your grip up her shaft} as carefully and deliberately as you can.

““Say it,” you insist. “Please may I cum, [master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close...” Sera’s back is arched, her bound claws snatching helplessly at the air, saliva shining on her parted lips. The two of you struggle against each other for a while longer.

“Please let me cum!” Sera cries out at last, the words coming out in an urgent jumble. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly revving {and cranking} her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her pussy clenches up and soaks your fingers{, her cock seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.} It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush butt presses into [eachCock] whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction, her cuffed hands seeming to force more energy into every other part of her body.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she’s finally done, letting the low hum of your voice soundtrack her woozy come down.

“See how nice it is when you are a good girl? When you listen to your [master] and follow [his] instructions? You enjoy yourself so much more when you accept you are becoming an obedient pet.”

“Fuck you,” says a tiny, grumpy voice from the other side of the bed. You are grinning as you gently remove her cuffs and leave her to doze.

//+1 Ob, Ar reset

High Arousal: You concentrate, continuing to curl your fingers into the succubus’s cunt {and jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it. She is practically streaming warm lube around your digits, her hips thrusting into your palm, her head thrown back and eyes closed, all snark and obstinacy forgotten.

“What do you say?” you demand coolly. She says nothing but moans lowly, a pleading sound. You grin, [eachCock] hardening {and [vagina] moistening} to the sound.

“What do you say?” you repeat.

“Please may I cum, [master]!” she cries out, color blooming in her cheeks. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly revving {and cranking} her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her pussy clenches up and soaks your fingers{, her cock seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.} It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush butt

presses into [eachCock] whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction, her cuffed hands seeming to force more energy into every other part of her body.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she's finally done.

"Good girl," you say softly. She looks up at you, panting lightly, sweat dappling her naked skin. She looks completely different in this moment – an unsure, muddled look in her eyes, her features naked and soft without the scorn which usually guards and tightens them. You decide to step back and allow her to enjoy the glow of being a good girl for now.

//+8 Ob, Ar reset

Deny

//Same as first

41-80

You grin at Sera as you pull out the handcuffs out of the silver briefcase, dangling them teasingly in front of her.

"Going to "reward" me, are you?" she purrs. She shifts her hips upwards on the bed, displaying her trim, gleaming pussy to you {and letting her tumescent prick flop volubly onto the duvet}. "It'd better be good. I've been ever so good today."

You drop onto the bed next to her, deliberately pushing your weight into her side, quietly revelling in the tiny sigh she makes as you do. You've drilled this game into her enough times that she's entirely relaxed as you take her hands and cuff them behind her back; but it wouldn't be a game if she wasn't competing against you, constantly seeking an advantage. She pushes her boobs out more than is strictly necessary by her posture, draws another low sigh out, pushes her warm-smelling [sera.Skincolor] flesh into your hands as you gazing over your shoulder in a mocking, sultry manner, sneering wickedly.

"Better get on with it," she whispers. "Wouldn't want you to jizz everywhere before you've even tried to do anything with me."

You squeeze one of her breasts in response, sinking your fingers deep into the softness there, making her exaggeratedly catch her breath. It is honestly difficult to not get aroused by the nearness of her exquisitely crafted body and her teasing, [eachCock] hardening against her round behind {and your pussy juicing itself eagerly} to the sight and sound of her. But you do your best to put your own heat out of mind for now, concentrating closely on your prize slut. You keep one hand clasped around her boob as you slide your other down flawless [sera.Skincolor] skin; you brush over the nub of an erect nipple at the same time as you swab the flat plain of her

stomach, inexorably sinking downwards. {You grasp her cock and wring it gently, gently applying pressure to the areas of the dense, blunt flesh that you know are the most sensitive. It only takes a few seconds of your touch for it to strain upwards urgently, reacting to you exactly like a slave's tool should.} Finally, you squeeze between the warmth of her thighs and touch her bare pussy.

It's wet and eager as ever, beading lustily onto your fingers, conditioned now to practically sit up and beg for you. You travel upwards and easily find the sturdy nub of her clit, protruding out of her lips as it is. You circle and then gently play with it, nudging and sliding over it as you continue to run your fingers over her silky, gooey pink. {As you do so you slide your other hand upwards, grasping her cock and begin to jerk her, tightening, softening and bending your grasp around her thick meat.} Sera grunts, flexing her hands in her bonds. She knows it's useless to struggle or to exhort you to fuck her, but she's since worked out a better way of fighting back. She pushes her pear of a behind back into you, sinuously writhing her form so it melds with your own, rubbing your erect [eachCock] and [nipples] insistently, trying the very best she can to make you focus on your own lust rather than hers.

You grit your teeth and focus on working her pussy into a lather {and her prick into a full, straining erection}. You know now exactly how to touch her, what parts of her soaked folds to touch to excite and engorge her, make her nerve clusters bloom and blood vessels reach needily to the surface of her skin. You tighten your grip on her breast, rubbing her erect nipple between your fingers as you inundate a similar stubborn nub in her pussy with attention, stroking and circling her clit insistently. It's difficult to tell how much she's exaggerating her moans and gasps, but they are full-blooded and there's nothing artificial about the way she's pumping her thighs into your hand. The spaded tip of the tail trapped against your side touches your ear, and you suddenly feel light-headed.

"Go on," says a teasing voice. "Do it."

[Release] [Deny]

If PC lust >75%: You can't help yourself... you gasp as you seize up and cum, rutting reflexively against her [sera.Skincolor] behind as [eachCock] surges cum up her back and onto the quilt{, your [vagina] clenching up and wetting itself in sympathy}, lost in the sight and sound of the succubus.

"Oh deeeaaaar," coos Sera with wicked triumph, adroitly clenching her butt-cheeks to milk your [cock0] for all its worth. "[Master] has gone and messed [him]self before [he] could do anything at all with me! What a shaaaaame." She puts on a mockingly questioning tone. "I wonder – should [master] really be the one in charge if [he] has so little control over [him]self, let alone anyone else?"

"I'll make you pay for that next time," you say with as much confidence as you can muster, once the juicy, guiltily pleasurable pulses have finished and you have disengaged yourself, dripping, from her overwhelmingly hot body. But you don't think you're convincing either of you.

// -7 Obedience

Deny

Low/Medium Arousal: You steady yourself and { keep shifting your hands over her double sex/ keep curling your fingers into her} with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement trickling warmly down your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [chest] and [eachCock]. Eventually Sera abandons any ulterior motive, drawn irresistibly into the soaking heat you've stoked between her legs. You've got her in the palm of your hand and you glory in it, drinking in her high scent, her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then you stop dead.

"No... [master], no!" she whines in bitter frustration, humping your frozen hand(s).

"That's enough for today I think," you say breezily, getting up. "If you're a really good girl, I'll let you cum next time. And you know what constitutes a good girl, don't you?"

41-60: "For fuck sake," she growls, looking up at you with a heady mixture of anger and helpless lust. You are smiling quietly to yourself as you undo her restraints.

61-80: "For... flip's sake," she says, closing her eyes as she censors herself, savouring the control she exists under now. You are smiling quietly to yourself as you undo her restraints.

//Ar +15

High Arousal: You steady yourself and { keep shifting your hands over her double sex/ keep curling your fingers into her} with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement trickling warmly down your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [chest] and [eachCock]. Eventually Sera abandons any ulterior motive, drawn irresistibly into the soaking heat you've stoked between her legs. You've got her in the palm of your hand and you glory in it, drinking in her high scent, her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm...

"That's enough for today I th- " A gush of fluid soaks your hand {and jizz spurts into the air} Sera keeps flexing her thick hips against your digits, bumping back into you furiously. You curse to yourself: you pushed her too far!

"Ahahahaaa... were you trying to deny me there, [master]?"

“Of course not,” you say loftily, disengaging your hands. “You deserved your reward.”

“Hmm.” Sera looks at you over her shoulder as if she’s seeing you with an illusion partially dispelled. A tail spade caresses your ear. “Of course I did. [Master].”

//Ob -4, Ar reset

Release

Low Arousal: It is perfectly lovely in the moment, driven by the heft of her warm flesh and the sensual fireworks show she’s treating you to, to consent and send her flying down that hill. You up the pace of your ministrations, lapping your fingers deep into her pussy {as you jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, touching the spots you know will drive her inhuman eyes up into their sockets. Sera arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, her plush butt pressing into [eachCock] as her pussy spasms and spurts around your sticky fingers{, her cock hardening and seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“Ahhhh...” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover and looking up at you with lazy, happy complacency. “So good. So obedient.”

You fervently hope, taking off her cuffs as she drifts off into a peaceful doze, that she was referring to herself rather than you.

//Ob -4, Ar reset

Medium/High Arousal: You concentrate, continuing to curl your fingers into the succubus’s cunt {and jerk her straining cock relentlessly}, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it. Eventually Sera abandons any conscious motive, drawn irresistibly into the soaking heat you’ve stoked between her legs, thrusting her thighs against you instinctively{, her cock straining backwards, oozing pre-cum plaintively}. She practically streams warm lube around your digits, her hips thrusting into your palm, her head thrown back and eyes closed, all needle and obstinacy forgotten.

“What do you say?” you demand coolly. She says nothing but moans lowly, a pleading sound. You grin, [eachCock] hardening {and [vagina] moistening} to the sound.

“What do you say?” you repeat.

“Please may I cum, [master]!” she cries out, color blooming in her cheeks. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly revving {and cranking} her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her pussy clenches up and soaks your fingers{, her cock seizing up in your grasp, forcefully fountaining cum upwards, spattering onto the bed and

her thighs.} It's a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush butt presses into [eachCock] whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction, her cuffed hands seeming to force more energy into every other part of her body.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she's finally done.

"Good girl," you say softly. She looks up at you, panting lightly, sweat dappling her naked skin. She looks completely different in this moment – an unsure, muddled look in her eyes, her features naked and soft without the scorn which usually guards and tightens them. {Medium: You decide to step back and allow her to enjoy the glow of being a good girl for now.}

{High: "Thank you, [master]," she says, suddenly looking up at you. The sense of naked befuddlement remains. "It was getting... that was... you seem to know when... yeah, thanks." You curl a hand around her ear and jaw-line

Ditz: fondly.

"I like having fun with you too, silly-head," you giggle. "You've got sharp claws for a pet kitty cat, but that's what makes it so much fun."

Normal: fondly, enjoying the prize of overcoming her: the sight of the proud demon girl with all her aggro and mind games cast aside, a doe-eyed puddle of pliant flesh who practically purrs to your touch.

{merge}

After a few moments she slips into a doze, and you undo her shackles before getting up.

//Ob +8, Ar reset

Final

//Requires: 80 Obedience, Medium/High Arousal

You grin at Sera as you pull out the handcuffs out of the silver briefcase, dangling them teasingly in front of her.

Sera doesn't say anything this time; skin flushed and gently biting her lip, she gets on all fours and pushes her butt out, sliding her hand between her thighs to trail wetness from her bare pussy {along her stomach} {along her thickening erection}, giving you the eyes as she does. You feel a surge of triumphant passion at the sight: your once obstinate, obnoxious demon girl wantonly advertising her need to you. It's time to finish this.

You drop onto the bed next to her, deliberately pushing your weight into her side, quietly revelling in the tiny sigh she makes as you do. You've drilled this routine into her enough times that she's entirely relaxed as you take her hands and cuff them behind her back. She pushes her boobs out more than is strictly necessary by her posture, draws another low sigh out, pushes her warm-smelling [sera.Skincolor] flesh into your hands as you gaze over your shoulder in a mocking, sultry manner, sneering wickedly.

"Better get on with it," she whispers. "Wouldn't want you to jizz everywh-" You don't let her finish. You grasp her behind the head and kiss her roughly, mashing your [lips] into hers as you take one of her breasts and squeeze it, sinking your fingers deep into the softness there, rolling your fingertips over an erect nipple. Her hot breath touches the back of your throat as she responds, opening her mouth to wrap her tongue wetly around yours whilst writhing her body against your form, trying as ever to lose you in the wonderful shift and touch of her body.

You are beyond playing that game, though – you know who here really needs this. You suddenly heft her forwards, taking your kiss with it as you splay her hips, allowing you to push your thickening [cockfists] between her thighs, using the delightful, soft friction there to become fully erect. She gasps into your mouth as you touch her sopping heat with it, flexing your [hips] to rub it teasingly over her entrance, smoothing back and forth across the stubborn nub of her bulging clit. {You keep your hand where it is, moulding your hand ruthlessly into her breast, trapping her nipple in alternating squeezes and caresses.} {You let your hand sink down her exquisitely crafted body and grasp her cock, wringing it with flicks of the wrist, applying pressure to the areas of the dense, blunt flesh that you know are the most sensitive. It only takes a few seconds of your touch for it to strain upwards urgently, reacting to you exactly like a slave's tool should.}

She grasps the significance of what you are doing and feebly struggles, pushing her bound hands into your stomach and whipping her tail against your back, but you both know it is just for show, a front which disappears as you rhythmically rub your hard cock along her soaked, puffy mons. You grasp her breast {and cock} tightly, trapping her in yourself for long moments as you slowly, tortuously masturbate her with gentle thrusts of your hips; glorying in the sight and sound of her, neck arched, mouth open and eyes closed, unable to do anything but emit tight gasps and frost your [cock] to a shine with her excitement. You lightly pick up the pace, bumping into her bulging clit with your [cockhead] insistently.

"Whose bitch are you?" Sera says nothing. You slow down{, quitting rubbing her straining dick as you do so}, and she whimpers a bit. You pick up the pace again, knowing through long experience exactly how fast to go to keep her pinned on the edge, trapped in a moment of intense heat.

"Whose bitch are you?" you husk again.

“You... nnggh... you. I’m your bitch. Now please...” You reposition yourself, grasping her arms to push her butt out so that your cockhead is at the very entrance of her cunt, parting her lips with it ever-so-gently.

“Please is a good word,” you say softly. “Is there anything else you want to say? Because I think otherwise we’re done for today.” You withdraw and she practically barks with frustration, her arms tensing up in your grasp. Still relentlessly compressing her nipple {and cock} you push your erection all the way through her thighs before sliding it backwards, letting her feel every lubricated inch of it on her button.

“F-fuck! Fine! Fuck me, [master]! Please fuck me like the bitch I am, you complete cunt!” she cries out, batting her fists in pure frustration against your stomach. You laugh fondly.

“Good girl.” You position your cock in front of her entrance again and with one exultant thrust penetrate her wet heat {up to the quick, your abdomen meeting her wide, jiggling buttocks}. {Something gives in front of your cock and Sera gasps and tenses up slightly in pain. You grin, glorying in this moment.

“What a good girl,” you croon. “Keeping your virginity safe all this time for your rightful [master] to take. Shame about the filthy mouth, but that’s what [masters/mistresses] are for – to fuck all of that impropriety right out of your pretty little head.”}

Her pussy is delightful, long and practically frictionless with lubrication but wonderfully tight from disuse. It parts and clings to your [cock] as you thrust deep into her, intent on stretching wide and owning every inch. You keep your hands where they are, continuing to ruthlessly grope her sensitised nipples {and jerking her cock with hard, powerful pistons of the wrist}. Sera squirms her curvy body wonderfully around you, bending your meat this way and that inside herself, panting heavily and moaning with each drive of your [hips] into her. Despite all this, and the fact she was hovering on the edge even before you started fucking her, she still can’t seem to reach orgasm. You grin hugely as you realise what the issue is.

“You can’t do it, can you? Not now. Not without me telling you to.” Her inhuman eyes roll up to meet yours, pleading. “Cum,” you say commandingly, as you spear {as much of your huge cock into her as you can/every inch of your cock into her}. Immediately Sera tenses up, howling in gratification as her pussy tightens up around you, dribbling femjizz onto {the sheets/your [balls]}{, her cock spurting lines of creamy white filth the length of the bed}. You keep pumping into her as she writhes in the throes of orgasm, keeping a steady pace and grip on your own ardour. You aren’t done yet.

Through the long minutes of the fierce, lush rutting that follows you reposition her, letting your hands roam over her body as you push and pull her this way and that, only ever pulling your cock free of the soaking suck of her sex in order to drive into it even harder from another angle. You bounce her big, soft behind in your lap/coils face-to-face for a time, your fingers in her

mouth as you lick then chew upon her cherry-like nipples, waiting for the grunts to turn into groans around your digits before ordering her to cum again. Sera contracts in helpless delirium on top of your [cock], breasts {and dick} bouncing as she squirts around you, your bodies grinding into each other urgently.

Finally you bend her over, pushing her face into the duvet as you pummel into her raised, suppliant behind for all you are worth. You admire the sight before you, the long, sweat-dappled pear shape of your slave, her cuffed hands clutching up as you ram into the tight stem of her sex, her [sera.Skincolor] bum jiggling delightfully with each impact of your [hips], her tail wagging fitfully. This position clearly suits her, your [cock] curling into her in a way which makes her twinge and coo. It pleases you that despite all her prior attitude and arrogance, this is the posture she actually enjoys the best – ass up, face down, taking it like an obedient bitch should. {No wonder she makes such a good buttslut.} The thought makes your heat rise, and you allow it to now, fucking into her hard as your cock begins to bulge, the obscene sound of your hips {and [balls]} smacking into her filling your ears. Her tail whips excitedly back and forth in front of your vision and you grasp its tip, bringing it down to press against the pucker of her anus.

“Does the slut want to shamelessly wet herself around my cock again?” you breathe, with some difficulty now your heart is beating its way out of your chest and your own high is at the door. “She’s going to have to ask nicely if so.”

“Please, [master],” comes the muffled, moaned response. You sink the blunt, spaded tip into her behind, and when she tenses up and shrills with orgasm you join her, your straining prick dilating and then unloading its thick payload deep in her, pulsing again and again as her contracting pussy milks you for all it is worth. {You keep pumping, profoundly enjoying the release as you surge quarts of cum into her, obeying the innate impulse to bury your copious amounts of seed deep, packing her womb and tunnel full. By the time you are finished she looks two months pregnant, her stomach bulging with it.}

When you are finally done you withdraw, enjoying Sera’s tired groan and the trails of jizz which come oozing out of her pulverised, gaping twat as you do so. You lie down, undo her cuffs and gently pull her onto your [chest], enjoying the warmth of the afterglow with her.

“Maybe – maybe you aren’t such a bad dom after all, creep/cow,” she whispers, a ghost of her old smirk on her face. You look down at her fondly. The backchat and attitude will never entirely leave her – she needs that in some essential way – but the assertiveness in her eyes is now overlaid with infatuation and you know what is in your arms now is a completely willing, if fairly unruly pet.

After you’ve cuddled her a bit longer you get up, redress and get back to it, taking a glow of deep self-satisfaction with you.

Tease (FemPC variant)

Tooltip: Cock-tease your futa slave, and maybe give her some release.

//No-cock vag-havers get this. No, herms don't get to choose because continuity headaches.

First

"*On all fours,*" you say breezily. Sera insolently stares at you for as long as she thinks she can get away with before complying, slowly shifting around on the bed so her hands and knees are sunk into the quilt. You work your way around her, enjoying the sight of her plump [sera.skinColor] butt in the air and her juicy thick cock dangling heavily downwards. It is this latter article that you wrap a hand around and begin to slowly jerk, letting the fingers of your other hand roam up the shallow valley of her back, gently sinking them into one of her generous breasts.

"*So, what,*" sneers Sera, almost laughing as her male sex swells and hardens underneath your touch, "*you bought me so you could jerk me off? Could've done that without ruining my life, you know. Would've been all for it. Got some well-practiced wrists, there.*" You brush over the nub of an erect nipple and bend down to her ear before responding, never stopping your grip shifting up and down her hot meat, tightening and loosening rhythmically.

"*This is the only way you will be getting release in the foreseeable future, dear,*" you breathe. "*Not when I'm riding you and certainly not by whacking off like a hormonal teenager; like this, bent over and getting a nice milking from your [pc.master].*"

"*You're fucking insane,*" the demon snaps, craning her head away from you. "*Fumble over my dick while breathing through your mouth if you like, not as if I can stop you. But if you think you're going to make it mean more than the palm of my hand you're mistaken, sick {bitch} {prick}.*"

You ignore her bluster and deliberately push your [pc.chest] into her side, waiting for her muscles to relax, forcing her to get used to your presence, enjoying the fine, pliant give of your slave all the while. You slowly coil her, feeling all the way up and down her shaft, trying to seek out particularly sensitive spots that make her twitch and bulge in your grip. With the other hand you slide back down, over her big round bottom and between the warmth of her thighs to touch her bare pussy.

"*Pretty hard and wet, for a girl who isn't enjoying this,*" you murmur in her ear, gently parting her folds and sinking a finger into her delta.

“<i>That’s how it always is, jerk,</i>” she retorts. “<i>To do with the mods I took, not you.</i>” You fancy there is just the slightest tremble in her voice and you grin, sinking another finger in as you carefully explore her moist, silky folds, tantalizing her female sex before withdrawing, picking up the pace of her date with Rosie Palms as you do.

Sera tries to say something else, but it's lost in a breathless grunt as you knead her full, straining erection with everything you've got, whipping your tight grip up and down it, circling first one erect nipple then the other as you do. It's easy enough to turn such a highly sexed creature on but you pay careful attention to her, trying to note what movement of your hands particularly makes her tighten her muscles, arch her back, tail flick spasmodically, gasp with involuntary pleasure.

“<i>F- fuck! Get me off then! Do it!</i>” she cries out at last.

[Release] [Deny]

Release

Low Arousal: You are happy enough to comply, upping the pace of your ministrations, jerking her bulging cock relentlessly until the succubus arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, plush breast heaving in your hand as her cock seizes up in your grasp again and again, spurting a fountain of cum onto the duvet, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“<i>Ahhhh...</i>” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover next to the generous mess she's made and looking up at you with complacent disregard, oozing cock lolling. “<i>That was a pretty professional jerk off, I’ll give you that. Shame you’re such a massive creepazoid/cow, really – I could have used nice, attentive hands like yours, once.</i>” She closes her yellow eyes and disappears into a doze.

Medium Arousal: You concentrate, slowing the relentless jerking of her bulging cock just slightly, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“<i>Say “Please may I cum, [pc.master],”</i>” you breathe. “<i>Then I’ll let you.</i>”

“<i>No! Fuck you!</i>” Sera grits out. You wind your hand down almost all the way for about eight seconds, down to a teasing fondle along her swollen frenulum and then pick it up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your wrist is sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can into your grip, trying to get herself off via her own steam.

“<i>Say it,</i>” you insist. “<i>Please may I cum, [master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close... </i>” The two of you struggle against each other for a while longer - a fretful, dirty battle neither is willing to concede. In the pit of one of her heavy pants you think Sera whisper something. It

could have been “please”?... She lunges her hips forward with a triumphant shout, arching her back as she flexes her way to orgasm. Her plush breast heaves in your hand as her cock seizes up in your grasp again and again, spurring a fountain of cum onto the duvet, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“<i>Ahhhh...</i>” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover next to the mess she’s made and looking up at you with complacent disregard. “<i>I told you it was a waste of time, but then I suppose you can’t help being such a massive {creepazoid} {cow}. It’s a shame, too – you’ve got such nice, attentive hands. I could have found a use for you, once.</i>” You say nothing in return, simply gazing at her levelly. You think she’s talking a bit too loud, bit too fast. Maybe you’re imagining it. It could have been any sound she made in the spur of the moment, rearranged by your ears into something you wanted to hear. What you are certain about is she doesn’t look you in the eye before she disappears into a deep, post-coital doze.

High Arousal: You concentrate, slowing the relentless jerking of her bulging cock just slightly, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“<i>Say “Please may I cum, [pc.master],”</i>” you breathe. “<i>Then I’ll let you.</i>”

Sera says nothing, gritting her teeth determinedly. She is deep in the moment; her eyes closed, her muscles knotted up, her arousal so fierce it looks almost painful. Sensing an advantage, you wind your hand down almost all the way for about eight seconds, down to a teasing fondle along her swollen frenulum and then pick it up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your wrist is sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can into your grip, trying to get herself off via her own steam. You catch an erect nipple between your fingers and rub them together.

“<i>Say it,</i>” you insist. “<i>Please may I cum, [pc.master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close...</i>” Sera’s back is arched, claws scrunching the sheets, saliva shining on her parted lips. The two of you struggle against each other for a while longer.

“<i>Please let me cum!</i>” Sera cries out at last, the words coming out in an urgent jumble. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly cranking her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her cock seizes up in your grasp, forcefully spattering cum onto the bed in an uncontrolled fountain, a dribble of pussy juice rolling down her thigh. It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush breast heaves into your hand whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she’s finally done, letting the low hum of your voice soundtrack her woozy come down.

“<i>See how nice it is when you are a good girl? When you listen to your [pc.master] and follow [pc.hisHer] instructions? You enjoy yourself so much more when you accept my help in becoming an obedient pet.</i>”

“<i>Fuck you,</i>” says a tiny, grumpy voice from the other side of the bed. You are grinning as you get up and leave her to doze.

Deny

Low/Medium Arousal: You coil her hot cock with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement thrumming under your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [pc.chest] and hand. You keep pulling her until her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then stop dead.

“<i>What... what are you doing? Go! Finish!</i>” she demands angrily, face flushed, flexing her thick hips almost in a panic, attempting to get some friction out of your still hands. You let them linger on her sex teasingly for a moment and then withdraw.

“<i>That’s enough for today I think,</i>” you say breezily, getting up. “<i>If you’re a really good girl, I’ll let you cum next time. And you know what constitutes a good girl, don’t you?</i>”

Sera’s response is loud, inventive, colourful, and goes on for the length of time it takes for you to get up and leave.

High Arousal: You coil her hot cock with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement thrumming under your fingers, enjoying the heave of her soft flesh against your [chest] and other hand. You keep pulling her until her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then stop dead.

“<i>That’s enough for today I th- </i>” Her prick arches and swells in your grip, and the next moment generous streams of jizz are guttering out of it. Sera keeps flexing her thick hips, bumping back into you as she throws her head back and laughs ecstatically. You curse to yourself: you pushed her too far!

“<i>Ungh! Good going, {creep/cow/you dumb bimbo},</i>” she crows. “<i>You even suck at being an asshole! Mmm... face it, you were born to be a bottom bitch, keeping your hands nice and warm for a mistress who can properly direct your talents. Trying to deny me! What a clumsy embarrassment you are.</i>”

You decide silence is probably the smartest tactic here. You keep a stiff lip as you let her go and get up, resolving to learn from your mistake and never give her the opportunity to taunt you again.

Repeat

0-40

Grinning, you tell her to get on all fours.

"<i>Oh goodie, it's amateur fumble night again,</i>" Sera sighs. "<i>Why do you bother with this shit? Slithering over me like the world's creepiest ona-hole. It's embarrassing.</i>"

You ignore her bluster and patiently wait for her to assume the position - on her bed, bum in the air, ample breasts and cock dangling downwards. You clamber up there yourself and deliberately press your weight into her side, stroking a finger down the curving depression of her spine, waiting for the tenseness in her muscles to dissipate. Once you feel she's used to your presence you dip your hand below her flat stomach and grasp her, as ever, semi-erect dick. You know there's a grain of truth to her sniping - you've going to have to be able to really push her buttons if this mode of training is going to work. So as you shuffle your grip up and down her increasingly hard and hot meat, you let your other hand travel over the succubus's fantastically modified body: over the peachy rise of her behind, across her nipples, along the nape of her neck and behind her pointed ears, trying to listen closely to when her breath catches or when her muscles tense up again to what you are doing. Sera accepts this in what she probably imagines is stoical, long-suffering silence, eyes closed, tail flicking spasmodically and jerking her hips into your tight grip as she increasingly gets into it.

You lead your hand backwards to the moist cleft of her female sex, opening and caressing her inner lips. It's easy to find the sturdy nub of her clit, protruding out of her lips as it is. You circle and then gently play with it, nudging and sliding over it as you continue to jerk her, tightening, softening and bending your grasp around her thick cock. When her pussy is practically frothing with arousal, you switch your focus to the sensitive nubs of her nipples, playing and sliding over with them with sex-slicked fingers.

Finally you are fingering and pumping her wickedly enough for her breath to be whistling through her teeth and flexing her thighs, cock dark and arching urgently in the shifting, softening, tightening swivel of your hand.

"F- fuck! Get me off then! Do it!" she cries out.

[Release] [Deny]

0-20

//Same as first

21-40

Release

Low Arousal: You are happy enough to comply, upping the pace of your ministrations, jerking her bulging cock relentlessly until the succubus arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, plush breast heaving in your hand as her cock seizes up in your grasp again and again, spurting a fountain of cum onto the duvet, spattering onto the bed and her thighs.}

“<i>Ahhhh...</i>” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover next to the generous mess she’s made and looking up at you with complacent disregard, oozing cock lolling. “<i>That was a pretty professional jerk off, I’ll give you that. Shame you’re such a massive creepazoid/cow, really – I could have used nice, attentive hands like yours, once.</i>” She closes her inhuman eyes and disappears into a doze.

Medium Arousal: You concentrate, slowing the relentless jerking of her bulging cock just slightly, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it.

“<i>Say “Please may I cum, [pc.master],”</i>” you breathe. “<i>Then I’ll let you.</i>”

Sera says nothing, gritting her teeth determinedly. She is deep in the moment; her eyes closed, her muscles knotted up, her arousal so fierce it looks almost painful. Sensing an advantage, you wind your hand down almost all the way for about eight seconds, down to a teasing fondle along her swollen frenulum and then pick it up again. You don’t know how long you can keep this up – your wrist is sore and she is champing at the bit, thrusting herself as hard as she can into your grip, trying to get herself off via her own steam. You catch an erect nipple between your fingers and rub it slowly.

“<i>Say it,</i>” you insist. “<i>Please may I cum, [pc.master]. It’s so easy... and it’s so close...</i>” Sera’s back is arched, claws scrunching the sheets, saliva shining on her parted lips. The two of you struggle with each other on the precipice for a while longer.

“<i>Please let me cum!</i>” Sera cries out at last, the words coming out in an urgent jumble. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly cranking her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her cock seizes up in your grasp, forcefully spattering cum onto the bed in an uncontrolled fountain, a dribble of pussy juice rolling down her thigh. It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush breast heaves into your hand whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction.

You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she’s finally done, letting the low hum of your voice soundtrack her woozy come down.

"<i>See how nice it is when you are a good girl? When you listen to your [pc.master] and follow [pc.hisHer] instructions? You enjoy yourself so much more when you accept my help in becoming an obedient pet.</i>"

"<i>Fuck you,</i>" says a tiny, grumpy voice from the other side of the bed. You are grinning as you get up and leave her to doze.

High Arousal: You concentrate, slowing the relentless jerking of her bulging cock just slightly, trying to keep her as close to the edge as you can without clearing it. She is practically dripping pre-cum, and small trickles of female excitement are working their way down her hips; she is thrusting herself into the carefully judged rub of your palm, her head thrown back and eyes closed, all snark and obstinacy forgotten.

"<i>What do you say?</i>" you demand coolly. She says nothing but moans lowly, a pleading sound. You grin, [pc.eachVagina] moistening {and [pc.eachCock] hardening} to the sound.

"<i>What do you say?</i>" you repeat, closing your fingers around a cherry-like nipple.

"<i>Please may I cum, [pc.master]!</i>" she cries out, color blooming in her cheeks. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly cranking her to the high you've been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her cock seizes up in your grasp, forcefully spattering cum onto the bed in an uncontrolled fountain, a small waterfall of pussy juice rolling down her thighs. It's a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush breast heaves into your hand whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction. You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she's finally done.

"<i>Good girl,</i>" you say softly. She looks up at you, panting lightly, sweat dappling her naked skin. She looks completely different in this moment – an unsure, muddled look in her eyes, her features naked and soft without the scorn which usually guards and tightens them. You decide to step back and allow her to enjoy the glow of being a good girl for now.

//+8 Ob, Ar reset

Deny

//Same as first

41-80

"<i>On all fours,</i>" you say briskly.

"<i>My cock-obsessed "[pc.master]" has come to give me a handjob,</i>" Sera purrs. "<i>Isn't that nice.</i>" She holds your gaze with her luminescent eyes and rolls onto one side on the

bed, letting her breasts shift and her hefty cock flop volubly onto the covers. "<i>Go on and reward me, then,</i>" she husks. "<i>I've been ever so good lately.</i>"

You drop onto the bed next to her, deliberately pushing your weight into her side, quietly revelling in the tiny sigh she makes as you do. You've drilled this game into her enough times that she's entirely relaxed as you clasp your hand around the girth of her penis; but it wouldn't be a game if she wasn't competing against you, constantly seeking an advantage. She pushes her boob out more than is strictly necessary when you cusp it, draws another low sigh out, letting her warm-smelling [sera.Skincolor] flesh swell into your hands as she gazes over her shoulder in a mocking, sultry manner, sneering wickedly.

"<i>Better get on with it,</i>" she whispers. "<i>It'd be terrible to discover you enjoy this far more than I do, wouldn't it?</i>"

You squeeze the breast in your hand response, sinking your fingers deep into the softness there, making her exaggeratedly catch her breath. It is honestly difficult to not get aroused by the nearness of her exquisitely crafted body and her teasing, your [pc.eachVagina] juicing {itself / themselves} up eagerly to the touch, sight and sound of her. But you do your best to put your own heat out of mind for now, concentrating closely on your prize slut. Your fingers catch and caress the nipple of the breast you have clasped as you begin to shift your grip up and down her girthy dick, quickly pulling it to full-veined mast with slow, steady pumps of the wrist.

You know by now exactly which areas on her dense, blunt meat to concentrate pressure on, where to send the pads of your fingers curling to, to make her twelve inch monster strain urgently downwards, reacting to your touch exactly as a slave's tool should. When it's there, thrumming with barely-contained imperative and Sera's breath is hissing through her teeth, you soften your kneading slightly, keeping her positioned there near the edge whilst your other hand goes roaming. You cusp her plump balls, swollen with single-minded need, give them a gentle, teasing squeeze. Then you slide your hand between her thick thighs and touch her bare pussy, trace her wet lips and then easily find the sturdy nub of her clit, protruding eagerly outwards as it is. You circle and then gently play with it, nudging and sliding over it as you continue to run your fingers tantalizingly down and up her cock.

Sera grunts, muscles knotted in her neck, claws clutching the duvet helplessly. She knows it's useless to affect indifference or to exhort you to fuck her - but she's since worked out a better way of fighting back. She sinuously writhes her form, butt and breasts jiggling, drawing you further and further into the delight of touching and teasing her over-sexed form. You're feeling hot and slightly unfocused when blunt pressure snakes into the entrance of your [pc.vagina], spreading your lips and pressing against your sensitive inner walls. Your [pc.lips] form an "o" shape as Sera skilfully slides her tail tip over your [pc.clit] and then spears inwards, filling it with firm warmth, the sly succubus having kept her lithe dick-tipped appendage limp beneath you, waiting on tenterhooks all along.

In the heat of the moment it's too pleasurable to climb down and force her to stop - you continue to jerk her whilst she spears her thick, ropy tail into your increasingly wet sex, sensation shivering into your core. You grit your teeth and try and keep focused, tightening your grip on her heaving breast, rubbing her erect nipple between your fingers as you rub her engorged frenulum closely. It's difficult to tell how much she's exaggerating her moans and gasps, but there's nothing artificial about the way she's pumping her thighs into your hand, translating that into writhing her tail into you. She gazes over her shoulder, yellow eyes slit, and caresses your g-spot. You suddenly feel very light-headed.

"<i>Go on,</i>" says a teasing voice. "<i>Do it.</i>"

[Deny] [Release]

If PC lust >80%: You can't help yourself... you gasp as you seize up around her tail and cum, rutting reflexively around her [sera.Skincolor] appendage behind as [pc.vagina] clenches up again and again, dribbling [pc.girlCum] onto the quilt, lost in the exquisite movements of the succubus.

"<i>Oh deeeaaaar,</i>" coos Sera with wicked triumph, collapsing onto her side and clutching her own engorged dick, gloatingly watching you as she writhes her tail into you. "<i>[pc.master] has gone and got [pc.him]self all in a tizzy before [pc.he] could do anything at all with me! What a shaaaaame.</i>" She puts on a mockingly questioning tone. "<i>I wonder – should [pc.master] really be the one in charge if [he] has so little control over [him]self, let alone anyone else?</i>"

"<i>I'll make you pay for that next time,</i>" you say with as much confidence as you can muster, once the juicy, guiltily pleasurable pulses have finished and you have disengaged yourself, dripping, from her overwhelmingly hot body. But you don't think you're convincing either of you.

// -7 Obedience

Deny

Low/Medium Arousal: You steady yourself and keep shifting your hands over her double sex with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement thrumming hotly under your fingers, enjoying her attempts to pleasure you distantly. Eventually Sera abandons any ulterior motive, drawn irresistibly into the urgent heat you've stoked between her legs, her tail squirming inside of you only to the rhythm you're setting with the flick of your wrist. You catch it and pull it out of you, masturbating its ropy flesh at the same time, a movement that makes her gasp in enjoyment. You've got her in the palm of your hand and you glory in it, drinking in her high scent, her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm... and then you stop dead.

"<i>No... [pc.master], no!</i>" she whines in bitter frustration, humping your frozen hand(s).

"<i>That's enough for today I think,</i>" you say breezily, getting up. "<i>If you're a really good girl, I'll let you cum next time. And you know what constitutes a good girl, don't you?</i>"

41-60: "<i>For fuck sake,</i>" she growls, looking up at you with a heady mixture of anger and helpless lust. You are smiling quietly to yourself as you undo her restraints.

61-80: "<i>For... flip's sake,</i>" she says, closing her eyes as she censors herself, savouring the control she exists under now. You are smiling quietly to yourself as you undo her restraints.

//Ar +15

High Arousal: You steady yourself and keep shifting your hands over her double sex with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement thrumming hotly under your fingers, enjoying her attempts to pleasure you distantly. Eventually Sera abandons any ulterior motive, drawn irresistibly into the urgent heat you've stoked between her legs, her tail squirming inside of you only to the rhythm you're setting with the flick of your wrist. You catch it and pull it out of you, masturbating its rosy flesh at the same time, a movement that makes her gasp in enjoyment. You've got her in the palm of your hand and you glory in it, drinking in her high scent, her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm...

"<i>That's enough for today I th- </i>" Her cock arches in your hand and then spurts a huge load of cum practically the length of Sera herself, flexing repeatedly in your hot hand. You curse to yourself: you pushed her too far!

"<i>Ahahahaaa... were you trying to deny me there, [master]?</i>"

"<i>Of course not,</i>" you say loftily, disengaging your hands. "<i>You deserved your reward.</i>"

"<i>Hmm.</i>" Sera looks at you over her shoulder as if she's seeing you with an illusion partially dispelled. A wet tail spade caresses your ear. "<i>Of course I did. [pc.master].</i>"

//Ob -4, Ar reset

Release

Low Arousal: It is perfectly lovely in the moment, driven by the pump of her rosy, coiling tail and the heft of her luscious body, to consent and send her flying down that hill. You up the pace of your ministrations, jerking her straining cock relentlessly, touching the spots and squeezing the bands of flesh you know will drive her inhuman eyes up into their sockets. Sera arches her back and cries out triumphantly as she reaches it, her tail burying itself as deep as it can into

your [pc.vagina], plush breast heaving in your hand as her prestigious dick seizes up in your grasp and flexes copious amounts of cum onto the duvet, spattering onto her thighs.

“<i>Ahhhh...</i>” she sighs when she’s done, flopping down onto the cover and looking up at you with lazy, happy complacency. “<i>So good. So obedient.</i>”

You fervently hope, taking off her cuffs as she drifts off into a peaceful doze, that she was referring to herself rather than you.

//Ob -4, Ar reset

Medium/High Arousal: You steady yourself and keep shifting your hands over her double sex with a deceptively steady rhythm, feeling the evidence of her excitement thrumming hotly under your fingers, enjoying her attempts to pleasure you distantly. Eventually Sera abandons any ulterior motive, drawn irresistibly into the urgent heat you’ve stoked between her legs, her tail squirming inside of you only to the rhythm you’re setting with the flick of your wrist. You catch it and pull it out of you, masturbating its rosy flesh at the same time, a movement that makes her gasp in enjoyment. You’ve got her in the palm of your hand and you glory in it, drinking in her high scent, her neck is thrown back, her mouth open, all but tasting the incoming orgasm.

“<i>What do you say?</i>” you demand coolly. She says nothing but moans lowly, a pleading sound. You grin, [pc.eachVagina] moistening {and [pc.eachCock] hardening} to the sound.

“<i>What do you say?</i>” you repeat, closing your fingers around a cherry-like nipple.

“<i>Please may I cum, [pc.master]!</i>” she cries out, color blooming in her cheeks. Immediately you up your rhythm, briskly cranking her to the high you’ve been keeping just out of her reach. Her eyes roll and her limbs spasm as her cock seizes up in your grasp, forcefully spattering cum onto the bed in an uncontrolled fountain, a small waterfall of pussy juice rolling down her thighs. It’s a pretty breathtaking orgasm, even seen and felt second-hand – her plush breast heaves into your hand whilst she throws her frame into each ecstatic contraction. You gently lay her down on her side on a non-soaked part of the bed when she’s finally done. {Medium: You decide to step back and allow her to enjoy the glow of being a good girl for now.}

{High: “<i>Thank you, [pc.master],</i>” she says, suddenly looking up at you. The sense of naked befuddlement remains. “<i>It was getting... that was... you seem to know when... yeah, thanks.</i>” You curl a hand around her ear and jaw-line

Ditz: fondly.

“<i>I like having fun with you too, silly-head,</i>” you giggle. “<i>You’ve got sharp claws for a pet kitty, but that’s what makes it so much fun.</i>”

Normal: fondly, enjoying the prize of overcoming her: the sight of the proud demon girl with all her aggro and mind games cast aside, a doe-eyed puddle of pliant flesh who practically purrs to your touch.

{merge}

After a few moments she slips into a doze, and you undo her shackles before getting up.

//Ob +8, Ar reset

Ride

First

"<i>On your back,</i>" you order. Sera rolls over lazily on her bunk, making it look like a whim of hers rather than a follow of your command.

"<i>Got an itch, bitch?</i>" she smirks. She opens her thick [Sera.skinColor] hips to give her thick dick room. Given the spotlight, there's no denying it is a magnificent, intimidating member; a hairless base reaching upwards into a full foot of veined bulge that's never entirely flaccid, framed by two well-formed, swollen balls. It's small wonder she's spent most of her adult life trying to stick it into anything that twitches. You would if you owned that {even on top of the one{s} you already have}, too. The muscles in her thigh clench and it rears upwards, almost at her command.

"<i>Think you can stop drooling long enough to remember what it is you wanted to do with me?</i>" the succubus sneers. Idly she wraps her fingers around the base of her dick and flicks the ring of one of her nipple piercing, considering you with sensuous, heavy-lidded disdain. "<i>So this is it, is it? You took my fucking life away, just so you could imagine yourself {queen} / {king} shit of turd mountain, and then get some hot dick up you? Could've given you that, if you'd just asked nicely.</i>" She sniffs, hand gently caressing her cock, tightening it into a full erection. "<i>I should tell you to fuck off, but it's not like I've got anything better to do, so if you want to have a suck, you may as well go ahead. Do a decent enough job and you might just get me in the mood to wreck that prissy little pussy of yours, who knows... </i>"

{Hard/Nice: "<i>Do please be quiet.</i>"} {Misc: "<i>Your penis is saying a lot of silly things, dear. Try and get a handle on it, ok?</i>"} You're not having those wandering hands of hers for what you've got planned, and you rummage around in your Starter Kit for a solution. It has one; a very straightforward and satisfying one. Sera rolls her eyes when you dangle the silver handcuffs in front of her teasingly.

"<i>So what you're saying is, you've never even done rope work before,</i>" she jeers. When you sit on the bed next to her, pushing your [pc.chest] into her side, she sits up and allows you to cuff her hands behind her back, but keeps up her constant diatribe. "<i>Do you think throwing some chains on me are going to suddenly make me pleased about being a slave, you sick {psycho bitch} {bimbo} {creep}? Couldn't you have just bought a dildo like anyone else? Or can you not get wet unless you're making someone's life a misery?... </i>" She doesn't stop until you've shifted around back to the front and slapped her lightly across the face. Outrage chokes her long enough for you to get a few words in.

"<i>This is how things are going to be, pet,</i>" you breathe. You trail a finger up the big, straining cock she's done such a nice job of getting erect, pushing her slowly backwards onto the sheets as you do. You continue talking {as you dispose of your [pc.gear] and} / {as you} push your [pc.vagina] against it, sliding your pussy slowly up and down, rubbing the heat and hardness of the demon dick over [pc.eachClit] and your inner lips rhythmically, teasing her with it at the same time as pushing wetness and arousal into your own sex. "<i>I am going to fuck you rotten plenty of times, you don't have to worry about that. But toys don't get to cum without permission. So you keep it nice and bottled up for our milking sessions, ok?</i>" You gently circle her bulging crown with a pinkie. "<i>Then... maybe then, if you're good and ask politely... I'll give you release.</i>"

"<i>Shove it up your ass,</i>" snarls Sera throatily, yellow eyes flicking between your teasing finger and your face. "<i>I get off when I want, where I want. If you use me, I'm gonna cream-pie the fuck out of you. Least you fucking deserve.</i>" With your other hand, you lazily lift the collar control; you always keep it close by when you're dealing with your demon slave. You play with the big, red button at its centre. The bound succubus beneath you tenses up, muscles in her proud face clenching as she glares at the device.

"<i>Then you'll get punished,</i>" you say simply. You lever yourself up so you are balanced above her, the bulb of her cockhead pushing open the lips of your [pc.vagina]. "<i>And you won't enjoy it anywhere </i>near<i> as much. Remember... </i>" You sink downwards, closing your eyes as you finally envelope that thick, pent-up cock in your wet pussy, the thick bulb of it spreading you wide.

You go slowly at first, enjoying the sensation of Sera's hard, veiny flesh pressing against your slick walls, rotating your [pc.hips] to bend it back and forth. {A foot-long fuck-pole is far too much for your tight pussy, really - but you are determined. With each rock of your thighs you work yourself a little looser, able to swallow just a little bit more of your slave's big dick. The sensation is intense, clenching up your muscles and shivering through your skin, but with each thrust it becomes easier, your sex {oozing} {slavering} with deep excitement at being packed out and stretched like this.} {Your well-used twat is easily able to glove Sera's foot-long fuck-pole, which seems to take her by surprise. She grunts as you encompass her almost down to the base

easily - cooing with enjoyment at once again filling that wonderful, ravenous hole of yours up with stern cock - before beginning to jounce your [pc.hips] on top of her briskly.}

Sera grits her teeth and gasps occasionally as you ride her, pert, ample breasts heaving as she flexes her own hips, ineffectually trying to fuck you back.

"<i>...how do subs even enjoy this?</i>" she barks, back arching, clawed hands pulling angrily at her binds. "<i>So uncomfortable... so frustrating... </i>"

You {giggle} {laugh} softly, the pleasure pulsing up from your [pc.vagina] elevated by how you're making the succulent demoness squirm. She's your toy now, and you want nothing more to use her relentlessly whilst watching that pretty face of hers tighten up in pure, sexual frustration... but you should pace yourself. Even as your need heightens, and you {slap your [pc.butt] down on her [Sera.skinColor] thighs again and again, kneading her cock in your cavernous cunt ruthlessly, screwing yourself to orgasm} {you work the top half of her cock ruthlessly hard, beads of [pc.femcum] rolling down it, screwing yourself upwards to orgasm}, it's in your mind that she is not used to being denied, that you need to treat her carefully to form some control over her. <i>Only the one then,</i> you think to yourself deliriously as your [pc.nipples] {harden up} {dribble [pc.femcum]} and you clamp your hands down on Sera's trembling shoulders. <i>Just the one...</i>

Low/Medium Arousal: It comes like a crashing wave, and you snarl and grunt your high out on top of your succubus slave, your [pc.vagina] clenching up around her rod to send pleasure whiplashing through your frame. She groans and writhes around, heightening your own ecstasy as her dick pulls and nudges this way and that into you, a steady stream of filth hissing out between her clenched teeth... but, as you come down, cheeks burning and after-tremors tickling through you, you can feel her dick is still ramrod straight and eagerly primed. You sigh beatifically and thrust your [pc.hips] teasingly, making her twitch.

"<i>You're a good girl for being so obedient,</i>" you coo, slowly lifting yourself off, allowing your juices to {drip down} {splash down copiously} on her groin and her round, tightened up balls. "<i>I'll be sure to give you a wonderful milking session, if you keep it up.</i>"

"<i>Oh, shut up and get these cuffs off me!</i>" snaps Sera gutturally. "<i>If this is the game you want to play, it's real easy. Just looking at you crawling all over me is enough to make me never want to nut again.</i>" You cuddle into her deliberately when you sit her up and unlock them, making sure she feels the {softness} {hardness} of your [pc.chest]. She squirms away from you the moment she's free.

Still, you quietly think you've made a bit of progress here. After you've rested a bit you put your [pc.gear] back on and leave her be.

High Arousal: It comes like a crashing wave, and you snarl and grunt your high out on top of your succubus slave... she arches her back, and with a single throaty groan of her own pumps into you as far as she can go. You gasp as you feel your [pc.vagina] fill out with hot demon spunk.

"<i>Ungh! Doesn't that feel good, you nasty little slut,</i>" she husks. "<i>Using me like a dildo... ahh! Maybe that'll learn you... </i>" You're too caught up in your own orgasm to be able to stop, and you simply seize on the delirious shared orgasm and ride it out, enjoying it for what it is. Sera's cock flops out of your stuffed hole once it's done, trailing cum after it. She sneers up at you, deeply pleased with yourself.

"<i>You've got fuck all technique, {girl} {boy},</i>" she brays. "<i>You couldn't deny a child fireworks! I'll slay that pussy any time you like, but if you think I'm not going to pack it full of my cum you've got another think coming.</i>"

"<i>You'll learn obedience,</i>" you say as coldly as you can manage, sitting down on the bunk. "<i>One way or another.</i>" A derisive laugh meets this.

After you've rested a bit you put your [pc.gear] back on and leave her be.

Repeat

0-40

You take the handcuffs out of your metal suitcase and dangle them teasingly in front of Sera. She rolls her eyes but - after insolently staring at you for as long as she thinks she can get away with - she assumes the position, sitting up and putting her hands behind her back.

After you've securely fastened and tightened her wrists together, you take off your [pc.gear] and gently push into her from the front, her hard nipples and piercings pressing against your [pc.chest], making her lie back on the sheets. You exhale softly as you slide your [pc.vagina] slowly up and down her semi-erect cock, rubbing the heat and hardness of the demon dick over [pc.eachClit] and your inner lips rhythmically, teasing her with it at the same time as pushing wetness and arousal into your own sex. She may be watching you do all this with a face full of thunder, but she cannot deny her own hyper-sexed nature; it requires the minimum of teasing on your part to make her foot-long cock stand up on end, ready and eager to please.

"<i>Remember pet... </i>" you breath, circling her bulging crown with a pinkie. "<i>No cumming.</i>"

"<i>Get off and then fuck off, {bitch} / {creep},</i>" is her terse response. You smile at her winningly as you sink downwards, closing your eyes as you envelope that thick, pent-up cock in your wet pussy, the thick bulb of it spreading you wide.

You go slowly at first, enjoying the sensation of Sera's hard, veiny flesh pressing against your slick walls, rotating your [pc.hips] to bend it back and forth. {A foot-long fuck-pole is far too much for your tight pussy, really - but you are determined. With each rock of your thighs you work yourself a little looser, able to swallow just a little bit more of your slave's big dick. The sensation is intense, clenching up your muscles and shivering through your skin, but with each thrust it becomes easier, your sex {oozing} {slavering} with deep excitement at being packed out and stretched like this.} {Your well-used twat is easily able to glove Sera's foot-long fuck-pole, which seems to take her by surprise. She grunts as you encompass her almost down to the base easily - cooing with enjoyment at once again filling that wonderful, ravenous hole of yours up with stern cock - before beginning to jounce your [pc.hips] on top of her briskly.}

Sera grits her teeth and gasps occasionally as you ride her, pert, ample breasts heaving as she flexes her own hips, ineffectually trying to fuck you back. She doesn't say anything though, apparently determined to suffer in silence.

You {giggle} {laugh} softly at her, the pleasure pulsing up from your [pc.vagina] elevated by how you're making the succulent demoness squirm. Watching that proud, pretty face of hers tighten up in pure, sexual frustration never gets old... but you should pace yourself. Even as your need heightens, and you {slap your [pc.butt] down on her [Sera.skinColor] thighs again and again, kneading her cock in your cavernous cunt ruthlessly, screwing yourself to orgasm} {you work the top half of her cock ruthlessly hard, beads of [pc.femcum] rolling down it, using it to screw yourself to orgasm}, it's in your mind that she is not used to being denied, that you need to treat her carefully to form some control over her.

<i>Only the one then,</i> you think to yourself deliriously as your [pc.nipples] {harden up} {dribble [pc.femcum]} and you clamp your hands down on Sera's trembling shoulders. <i>Just the one...</i>

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"<i>You've got fuck all technique, {girl} {boy},</i>" she brays. "<i>You couldn't deny a child fireworks! I'll slay your pussy any time you want, but if you think I'm not going to pack it full of cum you've got another think coming.</i>"

"<i>You'll learn obedience,</i>" you say as coldly as you can manage, sitting down on the bunk. "<i>One way or another.</i>" A derisive snort meets this.

After you've rested a bit you put your [pc.gear] back on and beat a tactical retreat.

41-80

You take the handcuffs out of your metal suitcase and dangle them teasingly in front of Sera.

"<i>Want a piece, do you?</i>" she smirks, lounging back on her elbows and splaying her smooth hips, allowing her semi-tumescent herm cock to flop onto the sheets with an audible thump. "<i>Knock yourself out, {girlfriend} / {boyfriend},</i>" she breathes, vindictiveness edging her stagey, leisured tones. "<i>It's always fun watching you ride that stuck-up attitude of yours out on me.</i>"

She's definitely shifted her tactics, given up on her old surliness; she gasps theatrically when you grasp her wrists and firmly buckle them behind her back, coos when you shift back around and push her down, trapping her beneath your [pc.hips]. She grins up toothily when you brush the base of her dick with your [pc.vagina], and she clenches her thigh; her massive prick rears upwards like a well-trained animal, erect almost on request. You give her a cool raise of the eyebrow and gently lead your pussy up her shaft, bumping your [pc.clit] along her bulging flesh until it keens with pleasure.

"<i>Remember pet,</i>" you say, clasping her shoulders. "<i>No cumming.</i>"

"<i>That's impossible, isn't it?</i>" she leers. "<i>You cum your silly brains out after thirty seconds alone with me. Oh, you're talking about me! Well. I'll guess we'll just have to see... </i>" the last word is a drawn out, pleased sigh as you sink your [pc.vagina] down on her big, smooth head.

You go slowly at first, enjoying the sensation of Sera's hard, veiny flesh pressing against your slick walls, rotating your [pc.hips] to bend it back and forth within you. {A foot-long demon fuck-pole is far too much for your tight pussy, really - but you are utterly determined. With each rock of your thighs you work yourself a little looser, able to swallow just a little bit more of your slave's big dick. The sensation is intense, clenching up your muscles and shivering through your skin, but with each thrust it becomes easier, your sex {oozing} {slavering} with deep excitement at being packed out and stretched like this.} {Your well-used twat is easily able to glove Sera's foot-long fuck-pole. She opens her mouth in pure enjoyment as you encompass her almost down to the base easily - cooing with enjoyment at once again filling that wonderful, ravenous hole of yours up with stern cock - before beginning to jounce your [pc.hips] on top of her briskly.}

She never stops grinning up at you, luminescent eyes bobbing as you bounce up and down on her{, [pc.chest] jouncing as ecstasy pulses through you}. She's used to this treatment now and scornfully displaying it, attempting to make a mockery of your use of her. Time to up the ante, you think. Her mouth opens as you take hold of her tit piercings, playing with them with cruel gentleness, sliding your fingers over the hardening nubs of her nipples, the bite of the lip this finally draws from her heightening the pleasure of your fast-approaching orgasm. When it's on top of you, you crook a finger into each brass ring and pull firmly upwards, delighting in the gasped curse this draws.

You snarl and sigh your high out on top of your succubus slave, your [pc.vagina] clenching up around her rod, release whiplashing through your frame. Sera does her level best to keep her cool, but she cannot stop arching her back, gritting her teeth, caught up in the agonizing pleasure of it. It surely occurs to her to just let go and surge her rich, rude load deep into you... but, as you come down, cheeks burning and after-tremors tickling through you, you can feel her dick is still ramrod straight and eagerly primed. The arrogant smirk is beaming back up at you by the time you're done.

"<i>Enjoy yourself?</i>"

"<i>Reasonably, pet,</i>" you sigh, and give her a teasing flex of your [pc.hips], making her twitch. "<i>But one time isn't really enough, is it?</i>"

"<i>Don't... </i>" she growls, and then closes her eyes and grits her teeth again as you begin to ride her afresh, working her cock ruthlessly deep within you.

[pb]

Your initial lust bitten, you slow yourself right down, taking all the time in the world to enjoy your slave's dick{, your over-juiced pussy slathering it and her tender balls in [pc.femcum]}. You gently clench it within you with rolls of the thighs, letting your hands roam over her fabulously perverse body as you do, tweaking and stroking her breasts, her lips, her horns, her ears; murmuring how proud you are of her for holding it back this long, letting your own occasional gasp of pleasure echo into her ears. Sera takes it all stoically, breath huffing through her clenched teeth, apparently ignoring your words and wandering hands, but unable to stop tensing up her trapped arms and arching her back from time to time, apparently lost in the fierce arousal you've pressed upon her. Is she learning to love this, being trained to deny herself, becoming the perfect fuck toy? Or is she simply holding herself back so when she does make a mess of your pussy, it's absolutely cataclysmic? So difficult to tell beneath all those layers of campiness and aggression she employs. You clutch her soft, heavy breasts and begin to hump her intensely again as a new high approaches.

High arousal: Your [pc.vagina] quivers, your juices running liberally down her rod as you throw your head back, the heat of it making you gasp. It's then that Sera thrusts her own hips upward and with an exultant crow unloads herself into you, surging cum into your pussy, packing it out with slimy warmth. Caught between anger and irresistible lust, you have no choice but to ride it out, bucking into her hard.

"<i>Ahh... </i>" she croons when it's over, looking up at you with profoundly smug satisfaction. "<i>I love spending time with "[pc.master]". [pc.hisHer] adorable attempts at domination make [pc.hisHer] such a good fuck. Be a dear and take these cuffs off now, will you? My arms are starting to ache.</i>"

"<i>Maybe I'll fit you with a cock-ring,</i>" you say, dispassionately raising yourself up and parting your oozing sexes, allowing her cum to dollop back onto her groin and tummy. "<i>Since you're being so disobedient.</i>" Sera scoffs and rolls over, displaying her high bum to you as she carelessly dragging herself clean on her sheets.

"<i>So you have tools to blame instead of yourself next time? It'd suit you.</i>"

You give her what you hope is a stern stare{, redress,} and sweep out of her quarters.

Final

Requires: 80 obedience, medium lust

You smile at Sera and, without saying a word, twirl a finger. The fantastically augmented human flips over onto her back immediately, grinning back... maybe just a little too eagerly.

"<i>Ooh, has [pc.master] come for a nice long ride on the Sera train?</i>" she coos, twiddling and tweaking her nipple piercings as she gazes up at you. "<i>I do so enjoy [pc.hisHer], hmm, dominating me.</i>" You are barely listening to her banter, so obvious it is it's all bluff; instead you are paying close attention to her body language, to the quiver beneath her [sera.skinColor], the way her cock is angrily erect just at the sight of you, the anticipation tightening up her muscles and flushing her cheeks. She's perfect right now, practically crying out for you to take control and use her as hard as you wish.

You feel a steely rush of lust, an urge to force her to admit how much she now enjoys sitting in the palm of your hand. Outwardly, though, you display nothing. You stare her straight in the sulfuric eyes as you climb onto the bed, push your [pc.chest] into her plush boobs as you reach around and cuff her hands securely behind her with a practiced click. You recede, spreading your hands slowly down the softness of her inner thighs, taking your time, reveling in the way the succubus's poise becomes more and more stretched. Her lips part, slight gasps escape her as you ever-so-gently lead two fingers up her burningly erect cock. It's beading clear pre, she's that turned on. Could she cum just from this? Maybe - but she doesn't.

"<i>You're in luck, dear. I'm in the mood right now,</i>" you husk, leading your [pc.vagina0] up the hot, stern flesh of her dick, luxuriating in the increasing wetness and heat which pulses through it. "<i>I think I'll fuck you until you can't even remember your name.</i>" You perch on top of her bulbous head, gently rotating your [pc.hips], teasing the most sensitive part of her achingly erect male sex. She seems to be in a daze, mouth open and eyes glazed, lost in the tantalizing movement of it. "<i>And what are you going to do?</i>"

"<i>Cum,</i>" mumbles Sera. "<i>I mean - not cum. [pc.Master].</i>"

"<i>Very good!</i>" you smile widely. She grins back, naked enjoyment shining on her features. Handcuffed and at your disposal.

She lets out a long, drawn-out sigh when you part your pussy lips and sink slowly down onto it. The urge to ride her as hard as you can is almost overwhelming, but you hold that urge back firmly. You go as slowly as you possibly can at first, enjoying the sensation of Sera's hard, veiny flesh pressing against your slick walls, rotating your [pc.hips] to bend it back and forth within you. {You can manipulate her dick however you want in your well-used twat - making her groan hoarsely as you take her down to the base easily, bending it this way and that, clenching your thighs to tighten up on her thick girth. Dreamily you fantasize about using mods to shrink her right down, giving her a small, cute girl dick, humiliating and oh-so sensitive, teasing her forever more... your [pc.vagina0] {beads} {gushes} [pc.femcum] freely at the thought.} {You're used to taking her dick now, it no longer intimidates you - despite how massive the end of it feels in your tight, wet fuck-pocket. It's intense, getting packed out like this - but is it ideal? Dreamily you fantasize about using mods to shrink her right down, giving her a small, cute girl dick, humiliating and oh-so sensitive, teasing her forever more... your [pc.vagina0] {beads} {gushes} [pc.femcum] freely at the thought.}

[pb]

Her mouth hangs open, luminescent eyes bobbing as you methodically work her in your depths, sensually screwing yourself up towards a shimmering release.

"<i>Ohh,</i>" she finally groans as the minutes drag out, need roughening her voice. "<i>C'mon [pc.master], don't tease me like this! If you're gonna use me, fucking use me... </i>" You close your eyes, basking in the helpless arousal you can hear in her voice, allowing the tenseness within you to release in a glorious high, [pc.vagina0] quivering and clenching around her cock. When the last pulse of bliss has shaken through you, you lazily open your eyes, reach down and pinch one of Sera's erect nipples. You bite your lip at the way this makes her gasp and jerk her cock into your tender walls.

"<i>You swore, bad girl,</i>" you murmur. "<i>You know what I think when you're bad?</i>" you rotate your [pc.hips] around her fuck-pole rhythmically, hypnotically. "<i>That you don't deserve release. That I should fit you with a nice, tight cock ring, maybe a urethra plug as well. Keep you pent up and on the edge for a week.</i>"

"<i>No!</i>" she cries, head thrown back, teeth clenched. "<i>I'm good, can't you feel how f-gosh darn good I am?</i>"

"<i>Say it,</i>" you hiss. You're riding her harder now, the sheer arousal you feel from torturing her like this driving you on, [pc.femcum] filming her swollen balls and thick thighs. "<i>Tell me what a good girl you are... and maybe... just maybe... </i>"

"<i>I'm you're good girl!</i>" she wails, humping upwards into your [pc.vagina0] desperately. "<i>I belong to you! Just... please let me cum!</i>" You bite your [pc.lips] in high ecstasy, the fervid writhing and thrusting of your slave's cock inside you enflaming your senses. You crook a finger into each brass ring of Sera's tit piercings and pull firmly upwards, the gasp this draws making your coursing, rampant orgasm all the better. As you come down, cheeks burning and after-tremors tickling through you, you can feel her dick is still ramrod straight and eagerly primed. You {laugh} {giggle}, glorying in the state of the demoness, mouth open and eyes rolled back, but still hard as rock within you. It's possible, just possible, that you've rapped it into her hard enough that she cums only on your instruction that that's the only time she <i>can</i> cum. The thought turns you on, quite frankly.

"<i>Just a little more, baby,</i>" you breathe, beginning to rotate your hips on top of her again, squeezing that juicy, obedient dick with your pussy muscles once again. "<i>Your [pc.master] hasn't quite finished with you yet... but we're close... </i>" The response is a long, husky moan, which drives you to start fucking her with fervent bounces of your [pc.ass] again.

You slow down, you speed up, you tease every bit of Sera's luscious body you can reach with your cusping, pinching fingers. This is your reward for all the time and energy you poured into training this foul-mouthed hellion into your perfect cock-bitch, and you bask in it. The pleasure builds into one, final, pulsing orgasm, which you ride out with {squealing} {roaring} ecstasy, clutching the succubus's [Sera.skincolor]'s plump breasts and bending her cock for all it is worth, {oozing} {squirting} [pc.femcum] all around it. And yet, when you finally catch your breath, when you finally withdraw, trailing your juices, it's still pointing straight at the ceiling, still red-raw with denied release, her balls still achingly swollen. She's too fucked to do anything but gaze at you pleadingly. What a *good* girl.

Holding her gaze, you gently push your loosened, leaking twat against the base of it, enveloping it in your folds; then you deliberately slide upwards, pushing it backwards as you put wet, warm pressure on its sensitive, fleshy underside.

"*Cum,*" you breathe. She opens her mouth and spasms, her cock flexing underneath your slick labia again and again, arching her back against her bonds as she spurts flumes of cum the length of her body, gleefully painting her face and tits in her own filth.

When she's down you lie down, undo her cuffs and gently pull her onto your [chest], enjoying the warmth of the afterglow with her.

"*Maybe – maybe you aren't such a bad dom after all, creep/cow,*" she whispers, a ghost of her old smirk on her face. You look down at her fondly. The backchat and attitude will never entirely leave her – she needs that in some essential way – but the assertiveness in her eyes is now overlaid with infatuation and you know what is in your arms now is a completely willing, if fairly unruly pet.

After you've cuddled her a bit longer you get up, redress and get back to it, taking a glow of deep self-satisfaction with you.

Buttfuck

0-40

You rummage around in the steel briefcase of your Sentient Acquisitions "starter kit". Ah: perfect. You grin at Sera as you withdraw the bottle of lube, knowing for all that she's flopped on her bunk with an air of boredom she is watching your every move closely.

“<i>Going to assume that means you want to put it up my butt,</i>” she sighs. Her lip curls.
“<i>Seems like the thing to do, since you’ve fucked me in the ass every other way there is.</i>”
She shifts over and watches dispassionately as you divest yourself of your [pc.gear] before pooling clear, clinging oil into your hands and curling them around your [pc.oneCock], slathering the slickness around it at the same time as drawing warmth and pressure into your groin, quickly making it sternly erect.

“<i>On all fours, pet.</i>” After insolently staring you in the face for a while longer Sera obliges. The view from the back is certainly a lot better than the expression currently souring the one from the front; the cute pink of her asshole peeks out between the generous, round hills of her buttocks, above the neat lips of her pussy {and the dangling fruit of her cock and balls}. Gently you touch her rose, penetrating inwards with your oily fingers. She is delightfully tight, clinging to your digits instinctively before slowly relaxing as you probe deeper.

Ditz: “<i>You’re new to this, aren’t you hun?</i>” you giggle. “<i>Aww, all this time you’ve been doing people in the butt and you never thought to let someone return the favor.</i>” You feel bubbly excitement at the fact you’re going to introduce your pet to something new. “<i>Don’t worry babe, I just know you’re going to love it!</i>”

Otherwise: “<i>You’re actually new to this, aren’t you?</i>” you breathe. “<i>All this time you’ve been sodomizing anything that moves, and never thought to let someone return the favor.</i>” You adopt a mockingly curious tone. “<i>Is it because secretly you knew you’d love being done up the bum, and couldn’t think of a dominant enough way of doing it?</i>”

{merge}

“<i>Get on with it!</i>” she snaps. You flop your slick erection into the valley of her behind, clasp her hips and steadily run it up and down her crack, working the plentiful oil into her [sera.Skincolor] flesh, letting it slide down, teasingly running it along her labia {and touching her plump balls and the base of her hanging cock}. She shifts, agitated, as you bump into the tough button of her clit with your cock head.

“<i>Couldn’t you just- ?</i>” she says, with uncharacteristic hesitancy.

“<i>Do you in the pussy instead?</i>” you carefully stretch her wet lips wide with it{, pressing against her hymen}. “<i>I will {hun} {pet} – but you’re going to have to ask if you ever want me to put it there. {Hymen: You are a virgin, after all.} {Otherwise: Nicely.}</i>”

“<i>Fuck off!</i>” she spits. You shrug, smirk, and trail your straining [pc.oneCock] back to the wrinkle of her anus. It’s oiled and gently parted now, the plump flesh surrounding it lavish with lubricant – and it feels fantastically tight when you clutch her hips and slowly but firmly penetrate it.

You have to go slow – Sera is definitely new to this, grunting and growling with discomfort every slick inch you introduce into her constrictive backside, tensing up hard around you every couple of seconds. As slow and stop-start as it is you rather enjoy this learning process, the heat and rings of contraction around your hard cock, giving small words of encouragement to her every time she manages to holster some more of it and remains relaxed when you push back in. She doesn't respond, but you find yourself fantasizing how good this will feel when she is finally able to take it like a champ; finding this area of callowness in your otherwise experienced succubus and breaking her in is satisfying.

{Cock > 11.5 inches: "<i>F- fucking Christ!</i>" she cries out as you gently but firmly push yet more of your prestigiously sized dick through her back door. "<i>You're going to kill me with that thing. If you want to do this can you not make your dick a size which is halfway reasonable?</i>"

"<i>This from the girl who used to stick 12 inches up anything that walked through her door without so much as a how do you do,</i>" you {laugh} {giggle}. You lower your voice. "<i>You must have wondered why your sluts kept coming back for it? You're on the receiving end now – and you're going to learn to love it. Trust me.</i>"}

Finally, a small push {presses your {[pc.balls]} {[pc.thighs]} up against her plush butt.} {slides as much of your over-sized cock into her pretty butthole as you think it's safe to.} {Knot: Your enflamed knot throbs with arousal, willing you to shove it in too - but you hold back on that. Too much, too soon.} You stay like that for a few moments, let her get used to the full extent of your hard meat spreading her, and then gently pull in and then out, glorying in the clinging tightness of it, slowly picking up the pace.

{Bright pink} {Purple} hands clutch the duvet as you begin to lose yourself in it, your {balls} {hips} clapping a merry rhythm on the succubus's bouncing ass with each returning thrust into that delightfully tight hole. From her hips, you send your hands sliding down her torso, reaching towards her breasts.

Low arousal: "<i>Don't,</i>" comes a hate-filled snarl from the other end, muffled by the sheets it's buried in. "<i>Take what you came here for, but don't fucking touch me otherwise.</i>" Your hands freeze - but your heat has risen to the point where it's impossible to be put off your stroke. If she's determined not to enjoy herself, that's her problem, you guess. You're certainly getting what you want out of pounding the tight, clenching tunnel of her ass.

Medium arousal: "<i>Don't... </i>" grunts Sera, muffled by the sheets she's got her teeth buried in. Emboldened, you cusp her big, pert breasts, gently tweaking and stroking her nipples until they are hard and protuberant as cherries, all the while using those flawless hills as leverage to pound into the tight clenching tunnel of her ass.

High arousal: Teeth buried into the sheets, Sera offers no resistance as your hands travel upwards; a surreptitious check below the steady piston of your cock reveals her distended pussy is gleaming wet with arousal. Grinning, you cusp her big, pert breasts, gently tweaking and stroking her nipples until they are hard and protuberant as cherries, all the while using those flawless hills as leverage to pound into the tight clenching tunnel of her ass. As your heat rises you think you hear a few muffled "whuff"s and "huh"s from the other end of the bed; they don't sound much like discomfort.

{merge}

You spear your way in deep as your [pc.oneCock] bulges up and then releases. A sigh of deepest satisfaction leaves your [pc.lips] as you pump your load into Sera's upturned butt, which jiggles with each returning thrust of your clenching [pc.hips] {and [pc.balls]}. {You go on and on, working out every last drop from your bountiful cock, until [pc.cum] is spurting around your girth and the succubus's belly is rotund, her guts packed with your warmth.} When you've pulsed your last you pull slowly outwards, fingers trailing down her boobs, enjoying the way her virgin tunnel sucks at your prick all the way out.

Low arousal: "<i>Well, that was about as unpleasant as I imagined being ass-fucked by {an utter creep} {a psycho bitch} {a stupid bitch} would be,</i>" says Sera, her voice clipped with angry humiliation. She lies sideways on the bed and considers you with yellow, reptilian loathing. "<i>You know how I cope with this? By imagining I'm doing it to you. Only my dick is covered in barbed wire.</i>"

Misc: "<i>Stop being so butthurt,</i>" you smirk. You duck a viciously thrown pillow, and beat a tactical retreat.

Otherwise: You shrug; floating on a delightful post-coital throb, you find it difficult to much care about your slave's bitterness. {You pull your [pc.gear] back on and leave.} {After a few moments more rest you get up and leave.}

Medium arousal: Sera takes a few moments to recover, but when she does, rolling onto her side to consider you, she does it with an air of deep loathing. "<i>Well, that was about as unpleasant as I imagined being ass-fucked by {an utter creep} {a psycho bitch} {a stupid bitch} would be,</i>" she says. "<i>You know how I cope with this? By imagining I'm doing it to you. Only my dick is covered in barbed wire.</i>"

You consider her in your relaxed, post-coital throb and don't say anything; you're thinking about how, just for a few moments in the heat of the moment, she lost her candour. You think that maybe there is someone who would enjoy receiving anal quite a lot hiding somewhere in that prickly fortress of hers, if you could just coax her out. For now, after you've spent a few more moments dozing, {you pull your [pc.gear] back on and leave} {you get up and leave.}

High arousal: Sera takes a short while to recover, tail and ass still raised with your [pc.cum] oozing slowly down one hip. You grin at the sight, relaxing in your own post-coital throb.

"<i>That wasn't so bad, was it?</i>" you say lowly. "<i>I think somebody enjoyed that more than they were expecting. I think with a little bit of training, your {master} {mistress} will have an excellent buttslut on their hands.</i>"

"<i>Feel free to fuck off anytime,</i>" she responds eventually, turning on one side to consider you with reptilian loathing. You are still smiling to yourself as you {pull your [pc.gear] back on and leave.} {get up and leave.}

41-80

Sera watches, hand on chin, as you retrieve the bottle of lube from the starter kit.

"<i>It's going up my ass again, I see,</i>" she sighs, stretching out on her bed, all leisured disinterest. "<i>Heaven forbid [pc.master] do something that was pleasurable for me, for once.</i>"

"<i>You know that if you want it in your pussy,</i>" you reply, slathering your [pc.cock] in oil, working hard, veined heat into it, "<i>all you've got to do is ask nicely.</i>"

"<i>Oh no,</i>" says Sera with a sniff, shifting onto her haunches and presenting the flawless, peachy swell of her behind. "<i>I'm here for you after all, "[pc.master]". You knock yourself out.</i>"

You clamber onto the bed, lay one hand on a soft buttock and rub soothingly as you penetrate the cute pink wrinkle of her asshole with oily fingers. She's definitely getting better at this; it resists you only for a moment before allowing you to sink almost down to the knuckle into her delightfully tight and clinging passage. The succubus remains still and says nothing, arms folded on the duvet and apparently unperturbed when you add first one, then two more fingers in her warm depths, opening her up and getting her used to girth. It's only when you flop your slick erection into the valley of her behind and shift your hand down to her exposed pussy, tracing her outer lips and gently stroking the tough button of her clit that she twitches agitatedly.

{Intelligence > 40%}: It's obvious that behind that diffident tone of hers is a fear that you might make her really enjoy this; any pang of pleasure is a guilty confession. Lust surges down to your [pc.groin] at the thought.}

"<i>Could you get on with - ?</i>" her snippy request catches in her throat as you grip her hips and sink your [pc.cock] past her sphincter. After only a moment's resistance you are able to push your [pc.cockHead] inwards, and with careful, back and forth sawing you're able to slide a considerable amount of your [pc.cock] into her upturned butt. The sensation seizing it up once

you've found a nice rhythm - withdrawing so that your bulging head can feel the tight ring of her asshole and then flexing your [pc.hips] to holster yourself back into her hot depths - is so good you struggle powerfully with an urge to completely let go of your lust. The walls of her colon, oiled by the passage of your cock, cling to it sweetly as it withdraws, and is fervidly tight as you close your grip on her thighs and press your hard meat back home... made all the more lush by the sight of the peachy, fertile [Sera.skinColor] behind you're penetrating, rippling slightly to your exertions. You want nothing more than to fuck that wildly, discard any other thoughts to pump every ounce of your heavy arousal into that wonderful piece of ass that you own.

But you deliberately keep your movements slow and sensual, and as you spear inwards between her buttocks you let your hands roam down Sera's crouched form. You slip your fingers back down to her pussy, burrowing inside to caress its slick entrance whilst sending your other hand shifting down her flank to cup a breast, finding the tough nub of her nipple, increasing the pace at which you drive your [pc.cock] home and the closeness with which you knead the sensitive tips of the succubus' juicy body very slowly.

Low arousal

Sera barely seems to notice your exertions; she remains statuesque, arms folded, waiting with silent, glacial patience for you to finish. The most you drag out of her is an irritated hiss when you squeeze her boob maybe a little too hard.

Ultimately the lust fogging your own senses becomes too heavy for you to keep sight of your goal of making her feel real pleasure from this; you clutch her hot, soft form and lose yourself in the succulent rhythm, your {balls} {hips} clapping a merry rhythm on the succubus's bouncing ass with each returning thrust into that delightfully tight hole.

You spear your way in deep as your [pc.oneCock] bulges up and then releases. A sigh of deepest satisfaction leaves your [pc.lips] as you pump your load into Sera's upturned butt, which jiggles with each returning thrust of your clenching [pc.hips] {and [pc.balls]}. {You go on and on, working out every last drop from your bountiful cock, until [pc.cum] is spurting around your girth and the succubus's belly is rotund, her guts packed with your warmth.} When you've pulsed your last you pull slowly outwards, fingers trailing down her boobs, enjoying the way her cum-slicked tunnel still clings to your prick all the way out.

You flop back onto the bed when you're done, enjoying the post-coital buzz. Sera flops onto one side and considers you dispassionately.

"<i>Enjoy yourself? So pleased.</i>" She picks up her extranet device and goes back to flicking through it, feet dangling in the air, the small trail of [pc.cum] working its way down her thigh {and her distinctly swollen belly} roundly ignored. "<i>You can see yourself out, I'm sure.</i>"

Medium arousal

You think Sera's facade of disinterest is melting under your anal assault; you can see it in the increasing tenseness of her limbs and the small gasps and grunts of exertion. Under one heavy thrust of your hips into the tight squeeze of her ass she suddenly abandons her folded arms to clutch at the duvet and gasps. A small trickle of moisture warms the fingers that are craning into her pussy{, and her thick cock jerks upwards}.

A lusty thrill of triumph leaps in your belly and you speed up, {no hymen: reaching into her wet depths with two fingers until you are up the knuckle, curling at her slick walls relentlessly, feeling the hard surge of your [pc.cock] through them} {hymen: stretching her hymen with your two fingers before switching your attentions to her clit, curling at it relentlessly, feeling the hard surge of your [pc.cock] translate through her soft flesh}. The succubus bites into the duvet, trying to disguise the exhalations you're drawing out of her perhaps, but there's really no questioning what tone they're in now; femcum steadily dribbles down your mired hand, and when you reach forward to cusp her big, pert breast for leverage, the nipple you find is as hard and protuberant as a cherry, and tweaking it makes a throaty groan vibrate through the sheets.

You keep her there, fingering her whilst thrusting firmly into her tight, oiled behind for as long as you can resist - trying fiercely to connect pure pleasure with the feeling of your cock opening and using her back passage - before finally ceding control to your own raging lust. You clutch her hot, soft form and lose yourself in the succulent rhythm, your {balls} {hips} clapping a merry rhythm on the succubus's bouncing ass with each returning thrust into that delightfully tight hole. {Knot: With one final, hard push, you spread her ring with your [pc.knot]. After one breathless moment where you're not sure it will fit, you're in - well and truly embedded into your bottom bitch. Sera keens and swears repeatedly as you pump into her, knot pulsing with fierce arousal from the flesh stretched tightly around it.}

You spear your way in deep as your [pc.oneCock] bulges up and then releases. A sigh of deepest satisfaction leaves your [pc.lips] as you pump your load into Sera's upturned butt, which jiggles with each returning thrust of your clenching [pc.hips] {and [pc.balls]}. {You go on and on, working out every last drop from your bountiful cock, until [pc.cum] is spurting around your girth and the succubus's belly is rotund, her guts packed with your warmth.} When you've pulsed your last you pull slowly outwards, fingers trailing down her boobs, enjoying the way her cum-slicked tunnel still clings to your prick all the way out.

Sera drops onto one side to recover, your seed slowly oozing out of her gaped asshole, lips parted and looking slightly dazed. You grin at the sight, enjoying your own post-coital buzz.

"<i>We're getting there, aren't we?</i>" you say lowly. "<i>Despite how much you want to deny it. We're pretty close to transforming you into a fully fledged buttslut.</i>"

"<i>You are so full of {shit} {sh- crap} [pc.master], anyone ever told you that?</i>" replies Sera, twisting her lip at you. You think you detect a hint of fondness in there though, and there's certainly no denying the pinkness of her cheeks.

High arousal

You think Sera's facade of disinterest is melting under your anal assault; you can see it in the increasing tenseness of her limbs and the small gasps and grunts of exertion. Under one heavy thrust of your hips into the tight squeeze of her ass she suddenly abandons her folded arms to clutch at the duvet and gasps. A small trickle of moisture warms the fingers that are craning into her pussy{, and her thick cock jerks upwards}.

A lusty thrill of triumph leaps in your belly, and you speed up the pump of your [pc.cock] into her warm, clinging innards - but withdraw your digits from her cunt almost all the way, trailing over her protuberant clit teasingly. You keep the barest of touches on her slippery button, just enough to tantalize her, whilst ramming your bulging dick home, angling downwards to push into her vaginal walls {and prostate}. The succubus bites into the duvet, trying to disguise the exhalations you're drawing out of her perhaps, but there's really no questioning what tone they're in now; femcum steadily dribbles down your mired hand, and when you reach forward to cusp her big, pert breast for leverage, the nipple you find is as hard and protuberant as a cherry, and tweaking it makes a throaty moan vibrate through the sheets.

You {growl} {purr} in triumph and remove your fingers from her female sex altogether, one hand clutching her plush tit and the other holding onto her thigh, exulting in the wetness you feel on your {[pc.balls]} {hips} when you clap into her bouncing ass with each returning thrust into that delightfully tight hole {and the way her cock strains fervently beneath her, almost touching her taut belly}. Sera gasps and swears incoherently, sweat dappling her back, irrepressibly turned on by the merciless press and stretch of your cock - but not quite enough to get off. Exactly where you want her. {Knot: With one final, hard push, you spread her ring with your [pc.knot]. After one breathless moment where you're not sure it will fit, you're in - well and truly embedded into your bottom bitch. Sera keens and swears repeatedly as you pump into her, knot pulsing with fierce arousal from the flesh stretched tightly around it.}

41-60: You keep her there on that plateau for as long as you are able before finally ceding control to your own raging lust. You clutch her hot, soft form and spear your way in deep as your [pc.oneCock] bulges up and then releases. A sigh of deepest satisfaction leaves your [pc.lips] as you pump your load into Sera's upturned butt, which jiggles with each returning thrust of your clenching [pc.hips] {and [pc.balls]}. {You go on and on, working out every last drop from your bountiful cock, until [pc.cum] is spurting around your girth and the succubus's belly is rotund, her guts packed with your warmth.} When you've pulsed your last {and your [pc.knot] finally deflates} you pull slowly outwards{, fingers trailing down her boobs, enjoying the way her cum-slicked tunnel still clings to your prick all the way out.

Sera drops onto one side to recover, your seed slowly oozing out of her gaped asshole, lips parted and looking slightly dazed. You grin at the sight, enjoying your own post-coital buzz.

"<i>We're getting there, aren't we?</i>" you say lowly. "<i>Despite how much you want to deny it. We're pretty close to transforming you into a fully fledged buttslut.</i>"

"<i>You are so full of {shit} {sh- crap} [pc.master], anyone ever told you that?</i>" replies Sera, twisting her lip at you. You think you detect a hint of fondness in there though, and there's certainly no denying the pinkness of her cheeks.

61-80: You slow yourself down a little, exulting in the results of all your hard work and the wonderful, oily cling of the round [sera.skinColor] behind you're mired in, willing this to go on for as long as possible.

"<i>No! Faster!</i>" grits Sera, sheets bunched in her fists. You can practically hear the anticipation of orgasm stiffening her words. "<i>Please! [pc.master]!</i>"

"<i>Clench up first,</i>" you breathe. "<i>That's it... </i>" You groan as her hot tunnel tightens up intensely around your [pc.cock], and you reward her by increasing the flex of your [pc.hips], reaming her jiggling ass, confident now in your well-trained demon whore to not only take it but enjoy every stroke. You switch hands; one finds her other nipple and closes around it intently, the other gives her jiggling butt a well deserved swat. The whimper this draws out of her only spurs you on.

"<i>Which stuck-up bitch is on her knees and having all of her prissiness fucked out of her ass?</i>" you husk. Your hand lands with a clap on her other buttock. "<i>Whose slut is loving every second of it? Answer me!</i>"

"<i>Fuck! Me! Give it to me, you cunt!</i>" howls Sera, sweat running down her back in rivulets. "<i>Fucking give it to me if you think you've got it!</i>" You respond by reaching forward, clutching her horns, and surge to your juicy high by pounding her rippling tunnel in a frenzy.

A sigh of deepest satisfaction leaves your [pc.lips] as you pump your load into Sera's upturned butt, which jiggles with each returning thrust of your clenching [pc.hips] {and [pc.balls]}. {You go on and on, working out every last drop from your bountiful cock, until [pc.cum] is spurting around your girth and the succubus's belly is rotund, her guts packed with your warmth.} When you've pulsed your last {and your [pc.knot] finally deflates} you pull slowly outwards, fingers trailing down her boobs, enjoying the way her cum-slicked tunnel still clings to your prick all the way out.

Sera drops onto one side to recover, your seed slowly oozing out of her gaped asshole, lips parted and looking slightly dazed. You grin at the sight, enjoying your own post-coital buzz. She

doesn't resist when you gently tug her into your arms and cuddle her, stroking the line of her oval chin.

"<i>That wasn't </i>too<i> bad,</i>" she murmurs at last, once she's regained her breath.

"<i>Give it 6/10. Keep doing this, and we might even make you into a halfway decent dom.</i>" You give her an affectionate squeeze before {putting your [pc.gear] back on and} leaving her to doze.

Punishments

Spank

0-40 Obedience

You tell her you're going to spank her for being bad.

"Fucking why?" she snarls, hackles raised.

Chosen immediately after PC used "deny" to get her off: "For getting off against my instructions," you reply evenly.

"That was YOUR fault, you complete cretin!" she howls, outraged. "You're seriously going to punish me because you just utterly embarrassed yourself?"

"Just lie in my lap and take it with a bit of dignity," you sigh, sitting/placing yourself down on the bunk. Sera knows she can't disobey, and after spending as long as she thinks she can get away with away from you sidles over and places the dense weight of her stomach on the top of your [hips].

"You can spunk as much money on enslaving people as you like," she says, looking over her shoulder at you with fierce dislike. "But it doesn't stop you being a fucking incompetent dom."

Chosen immediately after Sera masturbated: "For getting off against my instructions," you reply evenly.

"That's just fucking bullshit," she growls, not looking at you. You think you detect in her tone the faintest tremble of contrition; certainly right now she looks like a brat who's been caught with her

hands in the kitchen cabinet. [Intelligence >40: You suspect if punishing Sera is to have any effect at all this is definitely the time to do it. She has spent most of her adult life equating sexual licentiousness with domination, after all.]

You sit/place yourself down on the bunk and pat your lap, staring at her levelly. After a moment and grumbling under her breath the succubus slides and over and place the dense weight of her stomach on the top of your [hips].

Chosen otherwise: “For calling me names, for having a foul mouth, for doing nothing but hanging around in bed messing about on the extranet...” you count the offences off on your fingers.

“Right, so basically you’re going to punish me for being who I am,” strops Sera. “Message to king creepazoid/queen psycho-bitch: I’m not your fucking doormat. You can’t force me to like being here.”

“Just lie in my lap and take it with a bit of dignity,” you sigh, sitting/placing yourself down on the bunk. Sera knows she can’t disobey, and after spending as long as she thinks she can get away with away from you sidles over and places the dense weight of her stomach on top of your [hips].

Standard

You smooth your hand over the round, [sera.Skincolor] hill of one of Sera’s buttocks. Though she’s obviously prouder of her rack and {(formerly, at least)} her dick, she really does have a very fine ass – blooming out from her thick thighs into a round and flawless peach, framed by her stockings and frilly corset perfectly to draw attention to it, pillow-soft and practically begging for a good spanking. You make sure to trap her restless tail beneath you before beginning.

“This is what’s going to happen,” you say. “You’re going to keep count. Every time I ask a question, you’re going to answer it. Every time I don’t, you’re going to sound the number of spansks we’re up to. Understand?”

Silence. You raise your open hand and bring it down with a resounding, satisfying smack on her rump.

“Understand?” Still nothing but resentful silence. [Hard/Misc: You play with the idea of collar-zapping her but then realise you’d have to get up in order to avoid shocking yourself.] Sighing inwardly, you decide to get on with it regardless. Eyeing her untouched buttock, you raise your hand again.

Smack. Slap. Smack. You build up a steady rhythm, alternating between each cheek and changing the force with which you land your blows, trying to keep her guessing. Sera tenses up

each time your palm lands on her rump, sending little shockwaves rippling across it, but other than that she remains stoic in the face of her punishment. For your part, sitting here and giving her a good paddling is perfectly pleasant – there’s something infinitely satisfying about the sound of a spanked behind, burying your hand into her plumpness, and in the rosy glow you swiftly bring out on it. It arouses you enough to send heat worming its way down to your [pc.Groin], but not enough to urge you on to do anything else.

Finally, after you have caused two fetching hand marks to stand out on her ass, you decide she’s had enough. You give her burning bum a comforting pat and tell her she can get up.

“Finally,” she says with supreme indifference. She slides off you and kneels on the bed, gazing at you with a faintly disgusted sneer. “Get your rocks off on beating someone who can’t fight back? I hope it was worth it, you fucking fascist.”

“I did it for you, not me,” you say primly. The derisive snort that follows tells you exactly what she thinks about that.

//Ob -8

After Sera masturbated

You smooth your hand over the round, [sera.Skincolor] hill of Sera’s buttock. Though she’s obviously prouder of her rack and {(formerly, at least)} her dick, she really does have a very fine ass – blooming out from her thick thighs into a round and flawless peach, framed by her stockings and frilly corset perfectly to draw attention to it, pillow-soft and practically begging for a good spanking. You make sure to trap her restless tail beneath you before beginning.

“This is what’s going to happen,” you say. “You’re going to keep count. Every time I ask a question, you’re going to answer it. Every time I don’t, you’re going to sound the number of spansks we’re up to. The better you do it, the faster we’ll be done. Understand?”

Silence. You raise your open hand and bring it down with a resounding, satisfying smack on her rump.

“Understand?”

“Ow! Fine. Christ,” comes the embittered voice from her face-down head. Again the tone of childish resentment, of someone who knows they’ve broken the rules but isn’t happy about facing the consequences. You raise your hand, eyeing her untouched buttock, and after adjudging enough time has passed for her to relax slightly clap it into that soft mound of flesh, causing her to jerk.

“Ah! One.” Smack.

“Why am I punishing you?”

“Because I disobeyed.” Slap.

“Three.” Smack.

“What are you not going to do in future?”

“Flick off when you’re not around.” Spank.

You build up a steady rhythm, alternating between each cheek and changing the force with which you land your blows, asking questions irregularly, keep her guessing and listening to you. Sera tenses up each time your palm lands on her rump, sending little shockwaves rippling across it. At first she answers you in a belligerent grumble, but she slowly loses that as you go on, eventually keeping time and answering in a slightly quiet, dozy voice. Maybe it’s just too much effort to keep the bitterness going in these circumstances. For your part, sitting here and giving her a good paddling is perfectly pleasant – there’s something infinitely satisfying about the sound of a spanked behind, burying your hand into her plumpness, and in the rosy glow you swiftly bring out on it. It arouses you enough to send heat worming its way down to your [pc.Groin], but not enough to urge you on to do anything else.

Finally, after you have caused two fetching hand marks to stand out on her ass, you decide she’s had enough. You give her burning bum a comforting pat and tell her she can get up. It takes her a moment to do so, as if she was waking from a stupor, but by the time she gets off you and sits back up her expression of poisonous acrimony is emphatically back in place.

“We done now? Or are you going to make me write lines for breathing too hard?”

“No,” you say soothingly. “You took your punishment like a good girl. Good girls get treats. Girls who keep being bad again and again will get much worse punishments than a rosy behind. Remember that in future.”

She may be grinding her teeth hard enough for you to hear as you get up, but privately you think you’re making progress.

//Ob +14

41-60

Not After Sera Masturbated

You tell her you’re going to spank her for being bad.

"[Master]'s fucked up again, so [master] has decided to take it out on me," Sera sighs, rolling her eyes. "What a brilliant [master] [he] is."

"Just lie in my lap and take it with a bit of dignity," you say, sitting/placing yourself down on the bunk. Sera knows she can't disobey, and after delaying for as long as she thinks she can get away with she sidles over and places the dense weight of her stomach on top of your [hips]. You smooth your hand over the round, [sera.Skincolor] hill of Sera's buttock. Though she's obviously prouder of her rack and {(formerly, at least)} her dick, she really does have a very fine ass – blooming out from her thick thighs into a round and flawless peach, framed by her stockings and frilly corset perfectly to draw attention to it, pillow-soft and practically begging for a good spanking. You make sure to trap her restless tail beneath you before beginning.

"This is what's going to happen," you say. "You're going to keep count. Every time I ask a question, you're going to answer it. Every time I don't, you're going to sound the number of spansks we're up to. The better you do it, the faster we'll be done. Understand?"

Silence. You raise your open hand and bring it down with a resounding, satisfying smack on her rump.

"Understand?"

"Ow! Fine. Christ," comes an embittered response from her face-down head. Again the tone of childish resentment, of someone who knows they've broken the rules but isn't happy about facing the consequences. You raise your hand, eyeing her untouched buttock, and after adjudging enough time has passed for her to relax slightly clap it into that soft mound of flesh, causing her to jerk.

"Ah! One." Smack.

"Why am I punishing you?"

"Because I disobeyed, apparently." Slap.

"Three." Smack.

"What are you not going to do in future?"

"Fuck if I know. Not cough too loud when you're around." Spank.

You build up a steady rhythm, alternating between each cheek and changing the force with which you land your blows, asking questions irregularly, keep her guessing and listening attentively to your voice. Sera tenses up each time your palm lands on her rump, sending little

shockwaves rippling across it. At first she answers you in a belligerent grumble but that fades as you go on, eventually keeping time and answering in a slightly quiet, dozy voice. Maybe it's just too much effort to keep the bitterness going in these circumstances. For your part, sitting here and giving her a good paddling is perfectly pleasant – there's something infinitely satisfying about the sound of a behind being spanked, burying your hand into her plumpness, and the rosy glow you swiftly bring out on it. It arouses you enough to send heat worming its way down to your [pc.Groin], but not enough to urge you on to do anything else.

Finally, after you have made two fetching hand marks stand out on her ass, you decide she's had enough. You give her burning bum a comforting pat and tell her she can get up. It takes her a moment to do so, as if she was waking from a stupor, but by the time she gets off you and sits back up her expression of poisonous acrimony is emphatically back in place.

"You got it out of your system now? Or are you going to rap my knuckles because you fell down the stairs today?"

"You took your punishment like a good girl," you say soothingly. "Good girls get treats. Girls who keep being bad over and over will get much worse punishments than a rosy behind. Remember that in future."

She's grinding her teeth hard enough for you to hear as you get up.

//Ob -8

After Sera Masturbated

You tell her you're going to spank her for being bad.

"Oh dear, have I?" murmurs Sera, sprawled on her bed, a smirk twitching her lips. "I get up to so many bad things in this hole out of sheer boredom it's difficult to know which one [master] has decided to punish me for. But then this is never really about me, is it?" She slides a thigh up the bed, making her butt stand out, her eyes yellow slits. "Let's get to it."

It's difficult to tell from her tone whether she's mocking you or simply being coy. You suspect it's a bit of both. Silently you sit yourself down, and sinuously Sera settles herself in your lap face down. As ever you send your hand roaming over her round behind first, admiring your property before raising your arm. Smack.

"One."

"Why are you being punished?"

"Because I'm a dirty slut." Ok... that's new. You give yourself time to think as you slowly raise your hand again. You watch her flesh ripple as it lands on her untouched buttock.

"Why are you a dirty slut?"

"Because I disobeyed you." Smack.

"How did you disobey me?"

"By getting off when you weren't around." Smack.

"How else are you a dirty slut?" you say, slowly and deliberately. She's silent for a few moments, and you give her a meaty enough swat to make her start.

"I looked at porn." Smack.

"How else are you a dirty slut?" you repeat.

"I... went on cam and put on a show for a couple of guys in a forum. Said my [boy]friend couldn't satisfy me. Made them cum in three minutes flat." She can't see you roll your eyes in exasperation, however her sadistically complacent tone suggests she's picturing it.

You make her count and keep asking probing questions, but you don't get much more than that. There's a definite undercurrent of pleasure to Sera's answers; maybe she just enjoys taunting you with her indiscretions, but the way it increases as the session goes on, her last couple of responses coming out in gulps and rasps of enjoyment, betray her a bit. As does the way her pussy gleams below her reddened cheeks.

Once you've tanned her to the point her bottom practically glows, your hand imprints clearly visible on her soft flesh, you give her a comforting rub and let her get up. She sits herself carefully down and looks at you with virtually the same expression as before, teasing and coy, with just a hint of post-coital satisfaction.

"Are you going to be a good girl from now on?"

"Of course [master]," she murmurs. You both know she won't be, and you are beginning to think that neither of you wants her to be.

//Ob +14

61-80

With a grin, you tell her you're going to spank her for being bad.

Not After Sera Masturbated

Sera's brow crinkles.

"Why?"

"For swearing," you say. The brow crinkles further.

"No I didn't." She doesn't sound entirely confident, but she's looking at you with a familiarly sulky expression. "You aren't playing fair."

"Yes you did," you say with as much authority as you can muster, sitting yourself down on her bunk. "Now lay yourself down and take it with a bit of dignity." She glares at you for a bit longer - more than a little angry with you - but ultimately she isn't so sure of herself that she doesn't crawl over and assume the position on your {lap/coils} after a few moments.

As ever you send your hand roaming over her round behind first, admiring your property before raising your arm. Smack.

"One."

"Why are you being punished?"

"For swearing." Smack... Smack.

"Three."

"What will you remember to do in the future?"

"Do bad things so [master] doesn't have to make things up in order to spank me." This earns her a harder blow than normal, although it takes a bit of effort on your part not to laugh.

You build up a steady rhythm, alternating between each cheek and changing the force with which you land your blows, asking questions irregularly, keep her guessing and listening attentively to your voice. Sera tenses up each time your palm lands on her rump, sending little shockwaves rippling across it. At first she answers you in a belligerent grumble but that fades as you go on, eventually keeping time and answering in a slightly quiet, dozy voice. Maybe it's just too much effort to keep the bitterness going in these circumstances. For your part, sitting here and giving her a good paddling is perfectly pleasant – there's something infinitely satisfying about the sound of a behind being spanked, burying your hand into her plumpness, and the rosy glow you swiftly bring out on it. It arouses you enough to send heat worming its way down to your [pc.Groin], but not enough to urge you on to do anything else.

Finally, after you have made two fetching hand marks stand out on her ass, you decide she's had enough. You give her burning bum a comforting pat and tell her she can get up. It takes her a moment to do so, as if she was waking from a stupor, but by the time she gets off you and sits back up her expression of sulky pique is back in place.

"Are you going to be a good girl from now on?"

"As likely as I was before you whaled on me," she murmurs. You acknowledge that is as good as you're going to get by letting it go.

//Ob -8

After Sera Masturbated

Sera returns your grin with interest.

"Going to lay down the law on your poor, defenceless slave, are we?" She strokes her side as she holds your eye, choosing her next words carefully. "Come and do it then if you've got the balls, you {dumb} fucking pig/psycho-bitch/bimbo." Without betraying any emotion, you sit down on her bunk and pat your lap/coils. Sera holds back for as long as she can, eyeing you with an insolent smirk before slowly crawling over and sliding her belly onto your thighs. It's reciprocal, in its own, darkly delicious way; she is deliberately trying to wind you up, increase the size of her punishment, making it really worthwhile for both you and her. A mixture of affection and vexation glows in your breast; when you raise your hand, it's with a determination to transfer that glow to Sera's behind.

SMACK.

"Why are you being punished?"

"Because I'm a bad girl." Slap.

"2." Smack.

"Why are you a bad girl?"

"Because I got off when you weren't around." Spank.

"What did you think of when you were getting off, you nasty slut?"

"Tying you up and making you pay for every single time you've denied me." Smack.

She quickly drifts off into that pliant sub-state of hers, answering your questions in a dozy, peaceful voice she uses nowhere else. Having her butt whupped like this seems to be cathartic for her now; she answers any question you pose her truthfully, without a hint of mischief or slyness. Aside from the physical satisfaction to be had from spanking your unruly bitch - of laying your palm into her round tush and making the flesh there ripple, of sadistically waiting until she relaxes slightly before hitting her again - you feel an overarching gratification from having this amount of control over her, of laying bare every secret and desire she has.

"You enjoy this, don't you?" you husk eventually, raising your hand one last time. "Getting your ass spanked by me."

"Yes," says Sera calmly. "I do." SMACK. You soothe the two dark handprints you've made stand out on her peachy bottom with your hand before speaking next.

"It's not much of a punishment then, is it? Maybe next time you are going to have to ask for me to do it." Sera slides herself off your lap and lies on her side, too sore to sit down immediately, gathering her wit before replying.

"If that were the case I guess I would have to do something really bad first," she says, in a musing tone. "Blow a hole in your ship. Pick up shipments of drugs whilst you're on shore. Then maybe I'd ask." You stroke her under the chin.

"Good girl." She shudders with pleasure.

//Ob +14

Cum Rations

//40+ Obedience and cock owners only. Same rules to spanking apply

First

You say nothing, allowing the silence in Sera's bunk to draw out as you rummage around in your starter kit. You have to give the tarratch credit; "starter kit" completely undersells what is a truly remarkable treasure trove of devices for the sadistically-minded owner of an unruly slut. That impression is reaffirmed when you encounter a bottle of clear liquid taped to a large doggie bowl, pull it out and read the instructions on the back. Sera watches with a deepening scowl, yellow eyes flicking between the widening smirk on your face and the objects in your hand.

"<i>The fuck are those?</i>"

Much better to demonstrate, you think. You hold her gaze as you unscrew the bottle and raise it to your lips. The liquid is oily and tasteless, but... Mmm. You growl in enjoyment as you feel heat sink down to your groin, [pc.eachCock] bulging and rearing up in eager anticipation. {You discard your [pc.lowerGarment] briskly, allowing your hardened prick to loll outwards.}

"<i>Just some aphro, then?</i>" Sera says, relaxing visibly and shaking her head with a sneer. "<i>Do you really need that to get it up these days? Guess your heart's not in it anymore.</i>"

"<i>Come here and suck me off,</i>" you reply bluntly. "<i>You're being punished.</i>"

Not after having masturbated: "<i>I've done nothing wrong, though!</i>" Sera exclaims, sneer opening into an outraged snarl.

"<i>I can hear a lot of whining and not a lot of sucking,</i>" you reply primly. Surly, reptilian eyes glare daggers at you for a while longer, and then with as much reluctance as she can put on show the demoness saunters over, flops down in front of you and takes hold of your [pc.cock].

After having masturbated: "<i>Oh dear, am I?</i>" she trills, smirking coyness restored. "<i>And [pc.master] wants to do it by putting his dick in my mouth? What a smart and imaginative [pc.master] [pc.he] is.</i>" She clacks her teeth together meaningfully.

"<i>Less simpering, more sucking,</i>" you say, managing to keep a stern face. Keeping her eyes locked with yours, Sera slides off her bed and crawls over to you, heavy, bare boobs swaying from side to side as she comes. She deliberately flourishes her three inch claws as she takes hold of your [pc.cock].

{merge}

You exhale lowly, keeping your gaze fixed on the [Sera.Skincolor] shrew as she works the base of your cock, coaxing pleasure and heat further and further along it before, {with a look of complete disdain} {with a toothy, provocative sneer upwards}, she spreads her silky, wet lips over its bulging head. You slide your hand through powder blue hair as more and more of your length is swallowed into the hot knead of her mouth with each returning bob of her head. Once you're over the initial, wet, juicy joy over it though, it's difficult to escape the fact that she's not that good at it. Her teeth catch on your sensitive hardness and it keeps flopping out because she's going at it too briskly and loosely. You tsk {once you realise she has neither the will nor the aptitude to engulf any more than about a third of your huge length}, pull out, and give her a light cock-slap across the cheeks.

"<i>All this time demanding blowjobs off anyone who came close, and you never learnt to do it properly yourself?</i>" you chide. "<i>For someone who fancies themselves a succubus, it's nowhere near good enough.</i>"

NAM: "<i>Let the buyer fucking beware then,</i>" she replies sullenly. "<i>I have to give you oral. Doesn't mean I have to do a good job.</i>"

You sigh wearily and point downwards silently. You try and give her murmured advice when she resumes, but she stoically ignores you and continues blowing and tugging you in the same lackluster manner. The shit you put up with... luckily the oil you drank has pushed enough heat and desire into your loins for it not to matter. You take matters into your own hands, get a firm grip of her curved horns and pump into her wet mouth until the sweet pressure is irresistible. Again she copes poorly, coughing and choking her outrage around your [pc.cock], but you hold steady, making sure it stays where it is, determined that she at least learn how to take a moderate face fucking.

AM: "<i>Oh, well, [pc.master],</i>" she coos, leering up at you and fluttering her lashes. "<i>I'm sure you could teach me all about sucking cock like a little bitch. What exactly am I doing wrong?</i>"

You return her smirk, revelling quietly in her arousing mixture of insolence and obedience, and point downwards silently. You give her murmured instructions when she resumes, pumping your [pc.hips] gently so she gets used to taking {the full thrust} {most of the thrust of your massive} extent, directing her to pucker up and drag her lavish tongue back along your underside as you pull outwards. Really, she does know all about this - it's just a case of reversing perspectives. Soon enough most of her amateurish mistakes have disappeared, and you're pumping your [pc.cock] slowly into a sensuous, tooth-free suck, her hand surrounding your thick base in shifting, tightening pressure. There's plenty more she could be doing - {your [pc.balls] remain criminally un-kneaded and un-licked,} {and} {she makes no attempt to savor your swollen knot beyond a press of her lips, and} you doubt she's ready for a deep-throating - but it's a good start.

She gazes up at you with unblinking, teasing eyes the whole time, and eventually it's a provocation you cannot deny. You take a firm hold of her curved horns and pump into her wet mouth until the sweet pressure is irresistible. She copes poorly to begin with, coughing and choking around your [pc.cock], but you hold steady, and she quickly manages to adapt, keeping her lips a steady, wet "oh" for you to fuck.

{merge}

At the last moment you pull out. You breath heavily, simmering in your built-up heat waiting for Sera to ask the obvious question.

"<i>That's it then? Punishment over?</i>" she stares up at you past your saliva-shone rod {and [pc.chest]} with quizzical, reptilian eyes. "<i>Thought you'd at least jizz on my tits or something.</i>"

"Polishing my cock's a privilege, not a punishment," you reply magisterially. You take hold of your [pc.cock] and pick up the discarded doggie bowl, close your eyes and rub yourself to your long-awaited orgasm. You gasp at how plentiful it is - your cock bulges up and then releases a huge spray of hot [pc.cum] onto the red plastic, followed by many more. The oil seems to have temporarily boosted your virility {to a remarkable degree} {even beyond what you commonly expect}. You sigh with huge satisfaction when you're finished, the soup-bowl sized vessel {quite full} {full up to the brim, leaking thickly down the sides}. You place it down in front of her.

"This stuff," you say, wagging the bottle of oil teasingly, "gives me the capacity to cum fully nutritious semen for a while. That," you go on, indicating the doggie bowl, "contains all the vitamins and minerals needed to keep a pet slut fighting fit for a whole day. Which is just as well, because you aren't getting anything else today. That is your punishment."

NAM: "That's horrible," says Sera, in an unusually level tone. She looks at the bowl of [pc.cum] in front of her almost academically. "You're horrible, you know that? Really and seriously horrible in every way."

"Only when you deserve it." You duck just in time as the bowl is thrown at you and gives the wall behind you a wet, impromptu redecorating.

"Fuck off!"

You stare at her in silent exasperation and then leave. You can't back down now - but equally you cannot exactly stand over her and force her not to eat anything today. Maybe next time you should choose the moment you spring this bit of sadism on her more carefully.

AM: "Wow," says Sera, looking at the bowl. She dips a talon into it, draws it up, watches the [pc.cum] oozing off of it. "Those bug-cunts - they really were a piece of work, huh? Wish I'd known about this stuff when I had my own collection of sluts." She sounds awed; in what part to the cum supplement and what to the sheer monstrousness of your punishment, it's difficult to tell.

"Well, now you do know about it," you smile in response. "So you aren't going to be bad again, are you?"

"I don't know, [pc.master]," she growls in response. She licks her claw clean with an ostentatious curl of her tongue as she spreads her hand over a high, ample breast. "Might wind up enjoying this so much I'll have to chain you up and turn you into my personal cum pump. Would you like that?"

"Drink," you order. "It'll be much better warm. Mouth only."

The succubus is defiantly cheeky as ever, but the red of deserved humiliation is clear to see on her cheeks as, after a moment's pause, she lowers her head over the big, thick helping of cock cream. You sit back, the dull throb of post-coital pleasure amplified immensely by the sound of wet licks and lip smacks down in front of you. It's enough to make [pc.eachCock] swell again, think about giving her a second helping... but no. Discipline, that's the key.

You give her a fond scratch behind the collar and leave her to it.

Repeat

41-66

"<i>Seems you've been a naughty pup again,</i>" you sigh, {unfastening your [pc.lowerGarment] and} picking up the bottle of oil to take an ostentatious swig. Heat immediately powers its way down to your groin, [pc.eachCock] bulging up readily. "<i>So the only sustenance you're going to get today is what you can get by pleasing your [pc.master].</i>"

AM: "<i>Oh man,</i>" groans Sera. Embarrassment muddles her self-possessed smirk and a rather fetching blush blooms on her cheeks. "<i>Can't you just slap me around a bit instead? That's so gross and I'm not even that good at it.</i>"

"<i>Either you be good in general,</i>" you affirm, "<i>or you'll get good at this.</i>" She bites her lip slightly to that. A moment later she slides off her bed and crawls over to you, heavy, bare boobs swaying from side to side as she comes. She deliberately flourishes her three inch claws as she takes hold of your [pc.cock].

NAM: "<i>Aw c'mon!</i>" howls Sera. "<i>It's fucking gross and I've not done anything wrong!</i>"

"<i>Less lowing, more blowing,</i>" you order. Surly, reptilian eyes glare daggers at you for a while longer, and then with as much reluctance as she can put on show the demoness saunters over, flops down in front of you and takes hold of your [pc.cock].

{merge}

You exhale lowly, keeping your gaze fixed on the [Sera.Skincolor] shrew as she works the base of your cock, coaxing pleasure and heat further and further along it before, {with a look of complete disdain} {with a toothy, provocative sneer upwards}, she spreads her silky, wet lips over its bulging head. You slide your hand through powder blue hair as more and more of your length is swallowed into the hot knead of her mouth with each returning bob of her head. Once you're over the initial, wet joy of it though, it's difficult to escape the fact that she's not that good at it. Her teeth catch on your sensitive hardness and it keeps flopping out because she's

going at it too briskly and loosely. You tsk {once you realise she has neither the will nor the aptitude to engulf any more than about a third of your huge length}, pull out, and give her a light cock-slap across the cheeks.

"<i>All this time demanding blowjobs off anyone who came close, and you never learnt to do it properly yourself?</i>" you chide. "<i>For someone who fancies themselves a succubus, it's nowhere near good enough.</i>"

NAM: "<i>Let the buyer fucking beware then,</i>" she replies sullenly. "<i>I have to give you oral. Doesn't mean I have to do a good job.</i>"

You sigh wearily and point downwards silently. You try and give her murmured advice when she resumes, but she stoically ignores you and continues blowing and tugging you in the same lackluster manner. The shit you put up with... luckily the oil you drank has pushed enough heat and desire into your loins for it not to matter. Eventually you take matters into your own hands, get a firm grip of her curved horns and pump into her wet mouth until the sweet pressure is irresistible. Again she copes poorly, coughing and choking her outrage around your [pc.cock], but you hold steady, making sure it stays where it is, determined that she at least learn how to take a moderate face fucking.

AM: "<i>Oh, well, [pc.master],</i>" she coos, leering up at you and blinking her lashes. "<i>I'm sure you could teach me all about sucking cock like a little bitch. What exactly am I doing wrong?</i>"

You return her smirk, reveling quietly in her arousing mixture of insolence and obedience, and point downwards silently. You give her murmured instructions when she resumes, pumping your [pc.hips] gently so she gets used to taking {the full thrust} {most of the thrust of your massive} extent, directing her to pucker up and drag her lavish tongue back along your underside as you pull outwards. Really, she does know all about this - it's just a case of reversing perspectives. Soon enough most of her amateurish mistakes have disappeared, and you're pumping your [pc.cock] slowly into a sensuous, tooth-free suck, her hand surrounding your thick base in shifting, tightening pressure. There's plenty more she could be doing - {your [pc.balls] remain criminally un-kneaded and un-licked,} {and} {she makes no attempt to savor your swollen knot beyond a press of her lips, and} you doubt she's ready for a proper deep-throating - but it's a good start.

She gazes up at you with unblinking, teasing eyes the whole time, and eventually it's a provocation you cannot deny. You take a firm curved horns and pump into her wet mouth until the sweet pressure is irresistible. She copes poorly to begin with, coughing and choking around your [pc.cock], but you hold steady, and she quickly manages to adapt, keeping her lips a steady, wet "oh" for you to fuck.

{merge}

At the last moment you pull out. Pulse pounding behind your brow and clutching your urgently erect [pc.cock], you pick up her doggie bowl, close your eyes and rub yourself to your long-awaited orgasm. Your cock bulges up and then releases a huge spray of hot [pc.cum] onto the red plastic, followed by many more. Above anything else the effect this temporary TF has on you is ecstatic - it's just wonderful to stand here and offload juicy surge after surge of hot, thick cum from your clenching {dick} {[pc.balls]}. You sigh with huge satisfaction when you're finished, the soup-bowl sized vessel {quite full} {full up to the brim, leaking thickly down the sides}. You place it down in front of Sera.

Cum honey/chocolate/fruit: "<i>Aren't I a kind master?</i>" you smirk. "<i>A bowl of sweet syrup from your sugar {daddy} {mommy}, barely a punishment at all. Imagine how much worse this would be if I didn't cum [pc.cum].</i>"

Otherwise: "<i>A big bowl of a succubus's favorite treat,</i>" you smirk. "<i>More than enough to get you through the day. Aren't I a kind master?</i>"

{merge}

AM: "<i>Yeah, you're a real hero alright,</i>" replies Sera sullenly. You sit down on her bunk and wait pointedly. Eventually, with a screw of the mouth, she lowers her head over the big, thick helping of cock cream. You sit back, the dull throb of post-coital pleasure amplified immensely by the sound of wet licks and lip smacks down in front of you. It's enough to make [pc.eachCock] swell again, think about giving her a second helping... but no. Discipline, that's the key here.

You give her a fond scratch behind the collar and leave her to it.

NAM: In response and without a flicker of emotion, Sera picks up the bowl, stands up and strides into her bathroom unit. There's a flush. You sigh, shrug exasperatedly and leave. You can't back down now - but equally you cannot exactly stand over her and force her not to eat anything today. Maybe next time you should choose the moment you spring this bit of sadism on her more carefully.

67-80

"<i>Seems you've been a naughty pup again,</i>" you sigh, {unfastening your [pc.lowerGarment] and} picking up the bottle of oil to take an ostentatious swig. Heat immediately powers its way down to your groin, [pc.eachCock] bulging up readily. "<i>So the only sustenance you're going to get today is what you can get by pleasing your [pc.master].</i>"

AM: "<i>Ooh dear,</i>" croons Sera, lounging on her bunk and eyeing you up, trailing her claws along the rise of her thigh. "<i>And I am sooooo hungry from all the evil I've been up to.</i>" Her

eyes narrow and she traces her purple lips with her tongue, making them shine. "Guess I'm going to tap {that nasty cock} {those juicy balls} of yours for every last drop."

NAM: "<i>That's not fair,</i>" replies Sera, grimacing.

"<i>You and I both know it's not even a punishment anymore,</i>" you say, probing, "<i>it's a reward.</i>"

"<i>What I know,</i>" she snaps, "<i>is that if you don't play fair I don't play at all.</i>"

Oh well. You wait unmoving, and eventually, with as much surly reluctance as she can muster, the demoness saunters over, flops down in front of you and takes hold of your [pc.cock].

NAM: Same as 41-60

AM: You exhale lowly, keeping your gaze fixed on the [Sera.Skincolor] shrew as she works the base of your cock, coaxing pleasure and heat further and further along it before. She leers up at you as she does it, licking her lips in ludicrous, pornographic fashion. Maybe you're imagining it, but is there an element of real, aroused need heightening her theatrics? Such thoughts are momentarily pushed out of your head when she spreads her silky, wet lips over its bulging head, ever so slowly and yet with powerful, controlled suction. She lets go with a raspberry sound, grins up at you and then does it again, deeper this time. It's throbbing, sweat-inducing perfection and you feel an almost unstoppable urge to orgasm there and then... but no. Letting it all go in adolescent giddiness and not savoring this kind of suck would be an outrage. You slide your hand through powder blue hair as more and more of your length is swallowed into the hot knead of her mouth with each returning bob of her head.

Soft roiling pleasure inundates {your [pc.cock]} {the top half of your massive cock}, shifting and caressing it magically until it feels like it's made out of sensitive oak. Keeping hold of your lust with some difficulty, you gaze down at her. The minx who would always stare back challengingly is gone; she's got her eyes closed and is utterly lost in moving her head back and forth and around your [pc.cock], one hand lovingly stroking the base {and knot} {whilst the other gently caresses your [pc.balls]}, sensuously bathing your sex in pleasure, her opened, luscious lips undulating over it. {Her own cock, you notice, is erect itself, keening upwards for the oral pleasure happening above that it cannot experience.}

"<i>You like that, don't you?</i>" you husk. No response; just more wonderful, wet pleasure on your [pc.cockHead]. You withdraw from her mouth and bat her across the nose with your glistening length. She blinks out of her reverie, surprised.

"<i>You like it, don't you?</i>" you insist with a grin. "<i>Sucking cock like a little bitch, in your words. You love the taste of being on the receiving end, don't you?</i>"

"<i>I - don't ruin it,</i>" replies Sera roughly, cheeks flushed. She follows the bob of your [pc.cock] almost self-consciously, rearing her thick lips up to your gently leaking end, the breath of her words puffing it. You notice her nipples are as erect as tiny spikes. "<i>It's not as if - seems like we got a winning combination here. I give you oral, and - ?</i>" You brush your cock against her lips slowly, tantalizing her with the heavy smell of your pre, and then pull away as she rears her neck, attempting to engulf it in your mouth.

"<i>Beg for it,</i>" you order. "<i>Or you get nothing.</i>" You can almost see the internal battle unfold in front of you - that small, fading part of Sera that wants to tell you to get fucked, twisting and tightening the face of the emerging Sera that desperately wants this to go on. You sigh theatrically and turn{, making as if to pull your [pc.lowerUndergarment] back up}.

"<i>I guess you don't want feeding that badly, then. Guess - </i>"

"<i>No!</i>" The satanically beautiful, curvy harriidan inhales, and then looks up at you imploringly, hands on the undersides of her ample breasts, presenting them as she gives you eerily reptilian doe eyes. "<i>Please [pc.master],</i>" she breathes. "<i>May I suck your dick?</i>"

"<i>You may,</i>" you murmur proudly, swinging your [pc.cock] back to her and closing your eyes as wet, kneading pressure immediately slides back down your shaft. "<i>But let it all out. You're not getting your big, hot load today unless I can hear how much you enjoy being [pc.master]'s obedient semen demon, ok?</i>"

It's wonderfully wet, sloppy yet tight; whenever it gets almost too much you pull out of her mouth, and without direction she lavishes your hard, veined meat {and bulging balls} with her long tongue instead, curling it all around every inch, using all of her new expertise to fully prime her meal.

Each time she takes a great slurping lick of your underside {or testicles} she gives a hungry moan, heaving her jiggling boobs to give muffled voice to how much she enjoys doing it. It's absurdly theatrical but that doesn't stop your tremendous enjoyment of it, how you've coaxed such willing submission out of this once hard, self-centered woman.

You grasp her hard, rough horns, steadily bracing her a distance away from you so that all she can reach is your bulging cock head, softly instructing her to cup her breasts again. You hold her like that for a time, locking eyes with her, both of you enjoying her lavishing your slit and bell-end with the tip of her rough, hot tongue.

"<i>Gonna give your bitch what she needs?</i>" she husks, toothily leering up at you, fingers circling her nipples. "<i>Got the guts to take charge, big {boy} {girl}?</i>" She gives your bulging head a long, luscious lick, sending pleasure tingling all the way up your spine. "<i>Seems like you talk a lot about being on top, but I'm the one doing all the w- </i>" You push your [pc.hips]

forward at the same time as you pull her head forward, forcefully introducing {most} / {all} of your [pc.cock] to {the back of her throat} / {her gullet}. She gags once and then gets a masterful handle on the reflex, her throat clenching wetly around your {sensitive bell-end} {length}, practically begging you to use it. Which, once you've pulled out once and sunk back into it again to ascertain the demoness can indeed take it, is exactly what you do.

Obscene, sloppy, slurping noises fill the room, your [pc.hips] / [pc.balls] slapping against her pretty chin, down which a steady stream of saliva and pre-cum runs, {her neck bulging up with each sweet pump}. As you thrust and clench up your [pc.lowerBody] to pile-drive your musky, saliva-lubed dick into that deep, hidden slut tunnel you consider how much abuse, vitriol and sneering has poured from it over the years. The "gack!" and "schlop"s you're drawing from it now are infinitely more pleasant, at least to your ears. You draw your [pc.cock] outwards slowly so that your [pc.cockHead] touches the inside of her lips, allowing her to recover momentarily; she slides her tongue along the sternly bulging underside and "mmm"s deeply, impatient with horny, whorish hunger, trying to drive you on. Wonderful.

You hold her up and penetrate her tight silky {mouth} {throat} right up to the quick with half a dozen more intense, deliberate thrusts, with each one stating unequivocally what its primary function now is: polishing your cock from head to base to a worshipful shine. When the need tightening [pc.eachCock] is finally far too much you pull out. With immense effort you keep your hands steady, grab the bowl and with a single slide of your hand and throaty gasp, finally unload. What feels like gallons of pressurized [pc.cum] surges up your duct and fountains noisily into the bowl, a clenching, dizzying orgasm which goes on and on. {You've got plenty left over once you've filled the vessel to the brim, and you stand over Sera. The succubus, panting back her breath from your brutal face fuck, gladly accepts this extra gift; {own cock needily erect}, she cups her big tits and lets you paint them with your seed, quivering and laughing slightly as you go on to give her cruel, pretty features and brilliant hair the heavy pasting of musky [pc.cum] they so richly deserve.}

You take huge, shuddering breaths once you've spurted your last, [pc.groin] aching mightily, exhausted, shaken and profoundly satiated. The sight you're met with when you finally wipe the sweat from your eyes is Sera is sat in front of her bowl{, giving you a silent, coy crook of the eyebrow} {giving you a perfectly coy look despite the heavy amounts of cum drooling down her face.}

"<i>Is Sera going to be a good cum slut from now on?</i>" you ask. "<i>Good ones get to lick the spoon.</i>"

"<i>Yes [pc.master],</i>" she trills, hands on knees, pert boobs out, the picture of wide-eyed dishonesty. You present your leaking cock and murmur your enjoyment as a hot, wet tongue licks it quite clean, flicking over your slit to get every last drop. By the time {you've re-adjusted your [pc.lowerGarment] {put your [pc.gear] back on} Sera is knelt over her bowl of [pc.cum], tail

in the air, the sound of wet lapping and horny "mmm"s filling the room. You watch the show for a while before giving her upturned ass a loving squeeze and leaving her to it.